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William Howard Taft, the Impossible

Picturesque Incidents in the Career of a Presidential Possibility Who Has Violated a Hundred Prophecies.

BY ROBERT LEE DUNN.

The world has never relinquished its vivid interest in the man who does unexpected things. There is a permanent fascination about the doer of the impossible which appeals to every people and every clime. And this land, more than any other, is the special home of the daring souls who have accomplished what others called hopeless tasks. Here, more than anywhere else in the physical geography of the globe, do men respect and applaud the pioneer and the relentless conqueror of seemingly insurmountable obstacles.

William Howard Taft came into Yale college a great strapping Ohio youth, who seemed fitted for nothing so much that the crowd cheered his performance to the echo.

He is one of the quickest workers that the public life of the country has ever seen. Yet with a trained mind accustomed to judicial attitude toward the claims of each side of the question he is free from the snap judgments which have been too often characteristic of our public men. They used to say that "large bodies move slowly," but with this sunny tempered cyclone in trousers doing great tasks with such ease that men wonder if the work could have been as hard as they expected, we shall have to invent a new phrase better suited to the large bodies that move not only fast, but also in the right direction and with little fuss. This is the man who was impossible.

Another extremely interesting phase of Mr. Taft's career is associated with his willingness to make speeches on the most astonishing subjects before

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WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

plex theme; he did not compromise; he did not extenuate; he did not apologize. He struck right straight out from the shoulder, like the manly man he is, told that magnificent audience of the rights of labor as well as the rights of capital, showed them how great an apparent advantage capital sometimes seems to have in legal matters, helped them to a clearer understanding of the judicial attitude toward some of the hard problems of the day, and unequivocally ranged himself alongside of the labor union as its staunch friend, crediting it with many of the benefits which the workingman of this day is enjoying. If there has been a cleaner cut utterance on the subject of labor and capital by any leader of thought or action during the past decade it has not come to the attention of thousands of men who listened to every word of that speech with the profoundest care. Then at the close came the perfect rain of questions ranging from the initial troubles of history to the latest socialistic program and not once did the speaker fail to win his audience to his own carefully stated conclusions, or fail to arouse from them that spontaneous enthusiasm which can only be evoked from an audience which is convinced of a speaker's sincerity.

The next morning, if he had been an unknown man, he would have awakened to find himself famous. The shrewd lawyer who had been so fearful of the result came into my office and said with enthusiasm "It was masterly." The leading workingmen's paper of New York city said that the man made just the sort of impression that you would like to have made upon you when you went into a bank and the president met you to take care of your deposit. It said "If the boat was sinking and he could swim and you couldn't you'd hand him your $50,000, if you had it, saying 'Give this to my wife,' and she'd GET it if he lived to get ashore." Just that sort of plain, wholesome, manly and honorable impression is exactly the impression that the immense audience of workingmen got from his speech on labor and capital. He was mobbed on the platform and at the doors on his way out, by thousands of workingmen who wanted to shake his hands and tell him they were for him heart and soul. He had literally accomplished the impossible.

And that is the sort of speech that Taft is making all over the world. It is not limited to the big metropolis, where the newspapers will take it up in big space; it is what he does in every little gathering of the far away Filipinos, when they call upon the big chief for a few remarks. He is the only man in the world who has had the nerve to travel ten thousand miles for the purpose of telling another people that they were incapable, at present, of governing themselves, and that perhaps it would be two generations before they would be sufficiently advanced to warrant self-government. And that same nation today worships the man who told them these frank truths as few rulers are worshiped on any continent.

The same thing happened in the matter of Oklahoma. Big delegations visited Washington to see the war secretary in the interest of their special and pet schemes for the new commonwealth. They could not get him to commit himself. He told them very frankly that he was thinking the matter over carefully and that when he came out there as he planned to do in a few months he would make an address which would convey his thought with accuracy. And he kept his word. He made a speech which was so full of anger that the whole state is talking about it yet. He summed matters up in such a judicial way that his speech is now found pinned up to the desks of thousands of the very men who were at first opposed to his utterance, assuming that he was talking not as a private citizen but as a Republican worker for the administration. He has more friends in Oklahoma than any man not a resident of the state, and he is the man who dared to stand up and show them the truth.

These are some of the many impossible speeches which Taft seems to have a wonderful knack of getting off on his travels about the world. The more difficult and hopeless the task seems to be the better he enjoys taking a shy at it. Nor is this characteristic of any but strong self-reliant men; the weakling would hardly select for his special subject any of the themes with which Taft has entertained his fellowmen on his tour of the world. He has specially reveled in the delightful task of attempting the impossible. Ask those who went to scoff and remained to cheer how thoroughly he succeeded in winning them from a narrow and mistaken viewpoint to one where clarity of vision and sunniness of temper prevailed.

Most public men of the day have no family life. It is impossible, we are led to believe. The tremendous demands of the governmental service render it absolutely prohibitive for any man to expect to be more than a mere boarder with his family after the Washington career starts. So true is this that some of the leading men in public life do not even take their families to Washington, preferring to squeeze a few days from their duties now and then which they may spend "back at the old home."

Now Secretary Taft is not one of this class. He has been doing public work for twenty-five years, and he is one of the best illustrations of the ideal American father to be found anywhere. Here, as usual, he has succeeded in getting the impossible to kindly transform itself into the inevitable. After you come to know something of the Taft standpoint toward life you could hardly imagine the war secretary as anything but a successful family man. He is the sort of warm-hearted kindly-voiced man you expect to see taking a fine little elbow around the shoulder and saying to him "Charlie, my boy, shake hands with this old friend of your father's." You picture him sitting about a family circle around the lamp while the wife and mother tells of the little household items of the day, the daughter compares her French pronunciation with her interested parent's, and the small boy struggles with the names of stops which the party did not make while they were touring round the world.

It means a good deal for a man who is the most traveled public servant that the United States has ever had, to maintain a successful and happy home. It speaks well for his social qualities and his regard for the splendid old days when the home was really the center and the hub of the nation. Yet it is about as near impossible as anything that one could suggest for a man who is jumping about all over the world on errands of the gravest national importance to keep up a family life that shall be satisfactory. How does he do this seemingly impossible thing?

Well, first of all he takes his family with him. That's the simplest way to get the result he seeks. For most men of large means this would be the simplest sort of solution of the problem of having the family integrity preserved. But the Secretary of War is a man of very limited means and it suggests that sacrifices are made in the family income for the special purpose of keeping the family together. This is a phase of the subject which has never suggested itself to most of the students of the doings of public men.

Little Charlie Taft is probably the most traveled boy of his age in the world. He has accompanied his father on two journeys of tremendous distance and made the recent trip with the Secretary around the world. And the boy is the special chum of his distinguished father on the globe trotting journeys. If the father is too busy with social or official business to attend to the demands of the small boy for company in his play, then the mother is his partner. And she has learned to catch a ball with unusual skill after Charlie's repeated lessons and sharp comments.

The Taft family is a fine example of the best in American life. Though they traveled so far and so long, it was done without personal servants or maid for Mrs. Taft. Mr. Taft has always assisted in her domestic needs. And Mrs. Taft is a good deal of an expert as to the correct clothing for her famous husband to wear from time to time. They are all old chums, this interesting Taft family, and the interests of one are the interests of all. Yet what man of us, taking a shy at the subject offhand, would care to say that it was possible for any public officer such as Mr. Taft has been for a generation, to maintain such a successful family life as he certainly does. It's just another of those times when he seems to be able to do the impossible—though, here, again, it ought to be said that the tactful and charming hand of the mother is plain in the shaping of the happy home life which the secretary so greatly enjoys.

Taft's Appeal to Young Men.

One of the oddest developments of the life of the secretary of war during the recent years has been his following of young men. This may seem due to the inherent spirit of youth with which the man seems to be peculiarly endowed, it may be due to his outdoor enthusiasm, or the warmth of his temperament. But whatever it is he has it strong and clear.

Now the very last thing that any man in the leadership of young men usually dares to do is to range them up and get off a "preachment" at them. You would think that it was grossly impolitic to say the least. Impossible, says the practical politician.

But Taft does it. Not since the days of George Washington has any man dared to talk so plainly and with such fine enthusiasm to the youth of his country concerning their large responsibility for the public life of the day and their right and duty to share in it, as has Mr. Taft. And, strange to say, he is cheered to the echo at every sentence. Whether it is in the chapel of the grand old institution from which he graduated or out on the wild plains of the west, every time that he gets to telling the young fellows of the nation what they ought to do and why they ought to do it, he gets the biggest applause of the day. Stirring words he says, too, such as "Wealth can give no felicity like that which comforts the man who has identified himself with something bigger than himself." And again, "The best of all is the pure joy of service, to do things that are worth doing, and to be in the thick of it! Ah, that is to live!"

Now the strength and glory of this appeal to the youth of the country comes from the fact that it emanates from a living example of the very things that are being preached. It is not mere empty platitude. It is fiery word backed up by living deed. He can well afford to talk about the real glory of doing things worth while for he has been doing them for twenty-five years. He knows nothing about squeezing a fortune out of an uncongenial task, for he is the poorest man in high office today. But he does know as well as any man of this day and generation the exquisite joy of duty done from high and noble motives. He cannot afford more than the most humble establishment in the great city of Washington but no matter where he lives and calls his home he is making the pages of history bright and warm with the radiance of honorable service to his country, and self sacrificing regard for the rights of the brown brother among the far islands of the Philippines.

After all, he is a good, clean, square, manly man, who is using his high talents for the benefit of the race among which he lives, and is making a loved family the happier for his sunny presence, ever "impossible?"

SURVIVAL OF CHRISTIANITY

We are scrambling up a long, shaky ladder to the flat roofs of the joiners' bazaar, built close against the southern wall of the mosque. We walk across the roofs and find the ancient south door of the mosque now filled up with masonry, and almost completely concealed by the shops above which we are standing. Only the entablature is visible, richly carved with garlands. Kneeling down, we read upon the lintel the Greek inscription of unical letters, cut when the mosque was a Christian church. The Moslems who are bowing and kneeling and stretching out their hands toward Mecca among the marble pillars below know nothing of this inscription. Few, even of the Christian visitors to Damascus, have ever seen it with their own eyes, for it is difficult to find and reach. But there it still endures and waits, the bravest inscription in the world: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is a kingdom of all ages, and Thy dominion lasts throughout all generations."—Harper's Magazine.

The Powers and Maxine

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

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CHAPTER XV—Continued.

I was so anxious to have a talk with her that I could hardly wait to get back to our own hotel, from the Ritz. Fortunately, nobody wanted to sit long at lunch, so it wasn't yet three when I called her into my room. The men had gone to make different arrangements about starting, for we were not to leave Paris until they had had time to do something for Ivor. Uncle Eric went to see the British ambassador, and Aunt Lilian had said that she would be busy for at least an hour writing letters and telegrams to concel engagements we had had in London. For awhile Lisa and I were almost sure not to be interrupted, but I spoke out abruptly what was in my mind, not wishing to lose a minute.

"I think the only thing for us to do," I said, "is to tell what we know, and save Ivor in spite of himself."

"How can anything you know save him?" she asked, with a queer, faint emphasis which I didn't understand.

"Don't you see," I cried, "that if we come forward and say we saw him in the Rue d'Hollande at a quarter past twelve—going into a house there—he couldn't have murdered the man in that other house, far away. It all hangs on the time."

"But you didn't see him go in," Lisa contradicted me.

I stared at her. "You did. Isn't it the same thing?"

"No, not unless I choose to say so."

"And—but you will choose. You want to save him, of course."

"Why?"

"Because he's innocent. Because he's your friend."

"No man is the friend of any woman, if he's in love with another."

"Oh, Lisa, does sophistry of that sort matter? Does anything matter except saving him?"

"I don't consider," she said, in a slow, aggravating way, "that Ivor Dundas has behaved very well to—to our family. But I want you to understand this, Di: If he is to be got out of this danger—no doubt it's real danger—in any such way as you propose, it's for me to do it, not you. He'll have to owe his gratitude to me. And there's something else I can do for him, perhaps—I, and only I. A thing of value was stolen from him, it seems, a thing which he was anxious to get back at any price—even the price of looking for it on a dead man's body. Well, I think I know what that thing was—I think I have it."

"What do you mean?" I asked, astonished at her manner—and her words.

"I'm not going to tell you what I mean. Only I'm sure of what I'm saying—at least that the thing is valuable, worth risking a great deal for. I found that out this morning, while you and your aunt were thinking about hats."

For an instant I was completely bewildered. Then suddenly a strange idea sprang into my mind:

"That brocade bag you picked up in the Rue d'Hollande last night!"

It was the first time I had thought of it from that moment to this—there had been so many other things which seemed more important.

Lisa looked anoyed. I think she had counted on my not remembering, or not connecting her hints with the thing she had found in the street, and that she had wanted to tantalize me.

"I won't say whether I mean the brocade bag or not, and whether, if I do, that I believe Ivor dropped it, or whether there was another man mixed up in the case—perhaps the real murderer. If I do decide to tell what I know and what I suspect, it won't be to you—unless for a very particular reason—and it won't be yet awhile."

I'm afraid that I almost hated her for a moment, she seemed so cold, so calculating and sly. I couldn't bear to think that she was my step-sister, and I was glad that, at least, not a drop of the same blood ran in our veins.

"If you choose to keep silent for some purpose of your own," I broke out, "you can't prevent me from telling the whole story, as I know it—how I went out with you, and all that."

"I can't prevent you from doing it, but I can advise you not to—for Ivor's sake," she answered.

"For his sake?"

"Yes, and for your own, too, if you care for his opinion of you at all. For his sake because neither of us knows when he came out of Maxine de Renzie's house. You would go away, though I wanted to stay and watch. He may not have been there more than five minutes for all we can tell to the contrary, in which case he would still have had time to go straight off to the Rue de la Fille Sauvage and kill that man, in accordance with the doctors' statements about the death. For your sake, because if he knows we tracked him to Maxine de Renzie's house, he won't respect you very much; and because he probably would be furious with you, unable to forgive you as long as he lived, for injuring the reputation of the woman he risked so much to save. He'd believe you did it out of spiteful jealousy against her."

I grew cold all over, and trembled so I could hardly speak.

"Ivor would know that I'm incapable of such baseness."

"I'm not sure he'd hold you above it. 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned'—and he has scorned you—for an actress.

It was as if she had struck me in the face; and I could feel the blood rush up to my cheeks. They burned so hotly that the tears were forced to my eyes.

"You see I'm right, don't you?" Lisa asked.

"You may be right in thinking that I could do him no good in that way—and that he wouldn't wish it, even if I could. But not about the rest," I said. "We won't talk of it any more. I can't stand it. Please go back to your room now, Lisa, I want to be alone."

"Very well," she snapped, "you called me in. I didn't ask to come."

Then she went out, with not another word or look, and slammed the door. I could imagine myself compelling her to give up the brocade bag, or offering her some great bribe of money. Lisa is a strange little creature. She will do a great deal for money.

CHAPTER XVI.

Diana Undertakes a Strange Errand.

If I had not been tingling with anger against Lisa, who had seemed to enjoy saying needlessly cruel things to me, perhaps I would have been utterly discouraged when she pricked the bubble of my hopes. She had made me realize that the plan I had was useless, perhaps worse than useless; but in my desperate mood I caught at another. I would try to see Ivor, and find out some other way of helping him. At all events he should know that I was for him, not against him, in this time of trouble.

Perhaps this new idea was a mad one, I told myself. Perhaps I should not be allowed to see him, even in the presence of others. But while there was a "perhaps" I wouldn't give up. Without waiting for a cooler or more cowardly mood to set in, I almost ran out of my room, and downstairs, for I hadn't taken off my hat and coat since coming in.

I had no knowledge of French law, or police etiquette, or anything of that sort. I knew that the French were a gallant nation; and I thought that if a girl should go to the right place, begging for a short conversation with an accused man, as his friend, an interview—probably with a witness—might possibly be granted. The authorities might think that we were engaged, for all I cared. I did not care about anything now, except seeing Ivor, and helping him if I could.

I hardly knew what I meant to do at the beginning, by way of getting the chance I wanted, until I had asked to have a motor cab called for me. Then I suddenly thought of the British ambassador, a great friend of Uncle Eric's and Aunt Lilian's. Uncle Eric had already been to him, but I fancied not with a view of trying to see Ivor. That idea had apparently not been in his mind at all. Anyway, the ambassador would already understand that the family took a deep interest in the fate of Ivor Dundas, and would not be wholly astonished at receiving a call from me. Besides, hearing of some rather venturesome escapades of mine when I first arived in London, he had once, while visiting Uncle Eric, laughed a good deal and said that in future he would be "surprised at nothing an American girl might do."

I told the driver to go to the British embassy as fast as he could. There, I sent in my name, and the ambassador received me at once. I didn't explain much, but came to the point immediately, and said that I wanted—oh, but wanted and needed very much indeed—to see Ivor Dundas. Could he, would he help me to do that?

"Ought I to help you?" he asked. "Would Mountstuart and Lady Mountstuart approve?"

"Yes," I said firmly. "They would approve. I'll see, it is necessary."

"Then, if it's necessary—and I believe you when you say that it is," he answered, "I'll do what I can."

What he could do and did do, was to write a personal letter to the chief of police in Paris, asking as a favor that his friend, Miss Forrest, a young lady related through marriage to the British foreign secretary, should be allowed five minutes' conversation with the Englishman accused of murder, Mr. Ivor Dundas.

I took the letter to the chief of police myself, to save time, and because I was so restless and excited that I must be doing something every instant—something which I felt might bring me nearer to Ivor.

From the chief of police himself, who proved to be a most courteous person, I received an order to give to the governor of the jail or prison where they had put Ivor. This, he explained, would procure me the interview I wanted, but unfortunately, I must not hope to see my friend alone. A warder who understood English would have to be present.

So far I had gone in the wild venture without once thinking what it would be to find myself suddenly face to face with Ivor in such terrible circumstances, or what he would think of me for coming in such a way now that we were no longer anything to each other—not even friends. But a kind of ague-terror crept over me while I sat waiting in an ugly little bare, stuffy reception room. My head was going round and round, my heart was pounding so that I could not make up my mind what to say to Ivor when he came.

Then, suddenly, I heard the sound of footsteps outside the door; and when it opened, there stood Ivor, between two Frenchmen in blue uniforms. One of them walked into the room with him—I suppose he must have been a warder—but he stopped near the door, and in a second I had forgotten all about him. He simply ceased to exist for me, when my eyes and Ivor's had met.

I sprang up from my chair, and began to talk as quickly as I could, stammering and confused, hardly knowing what I said, but anxious to make him understand in the beginning that I had not come to take back my words of yesterday.

"We're all so dreadfully sorry, Mr. Dundas," I said. "I don't know if Uncle Eric has been here yet—but he is doing all he can, and Aunt Lilian is dreadfully upset. We're staying on in Paris on account of—on account of this. So you see you've got friends near you. And I—we're such old friends, I couldn't help trying as hard as I could for a sight of you to—to cheer you up, and—and to help you, if that's possible."

I spoke very fast, not daring to look at him after the first, but pretending to smooth out some wrinkles in one of my long gloves. My eyes were full of tears, and I was afraid they'd go splashing down my cheeks, if I even winked my lashes. I loved him more than ever now, and felt capable of forgiving him anything, if only I had the chance to forgive, and if only, only he really loved me and not that other.

"Thank you a hundred times—more than I can express," he said, with a faint quiver in his voice—his beautiful voice, which was the first thing that charmed me after knowing him. "It does cheer me to see you. It gives me strength and courage. You wouldn't have come if you didn't—trust me, and believe me innocent."

"Why, of course, I—we—believe you innocent of any crime," I faltered.

"And of any lack of faith?"

"Oh, as for that, how can—but don't let's speak of that. What can it matter now?"

"It matters more than anything else in the world. If only you could say that you will have faith."

"I'll try to say it then, if it can give you any comfort."

"Not unless you mean it."

"Then—I'll try to mean it. Will that satisfy you?"

"It's better than nothing. And I thank you again. As for the rest, you're not to be anxious. Everything will come right for me sooner or later, though I may have to suffer some annoyances first."

"Annoyances?" I echoed. "If there were nothing worse!"

"There won't be. I shall be well defended. It will all be shown up as a huge mistake — another warning against trusting to circumstantial evidence."

"Is there nothing we can do then? Or—that we could urge others to do?" I asked, hoping that he understood that I meant one other, Maxine de Renzie.

I guessed by his look that he did understand. It was a look of gloom; but suddenly a light flashed in his eyes.

"There is one thing you could do for me—you and no one else," he said. "But I have no right to ask it."

"Tell me what it is," I implored.

"I would not, if it didn't mean more than my life to me." He hesitated, and then, while I wondered what was to come, he bent forward and spoke a few hurried words in Spanish. He knew that to me Spanish was almost as familiar as English. He had heard me talk of the Spanish customs still existing in the part of California where I was born. He had heard me sing Spanish songs. We had sung them together—one or two I had taught him. But I had not taught him the language. He learned that, and three or four others at least, as a boy, when first he thought of taking up a diplomatic career.

There were so few words, and so quickly spoken, that I—remembering the warder—almost hoped they might pass unnoticed. But the man in uniform came nearer to us at once, looking angry and suspicious.

"That is forbidden," he said to Ivor. Then, turning sharply to me. "What language was that?"

"Spanish," I answered. "He only bade me goodbye. We have been—very dear friends, and there was a misunderstanding, but—it's over now. It was natural he shouldn't want you hear his last words to me."

"Nevertheless, it is forbidden," repeated the warder obstinately, "and though the five minutes you were granted together are not over yet, the prisoner must go with me now. He has forfeited the rest of his time, and must be reported."

With this he ordered Ivor to leave the room, in a tone which sounded to me so brutal that I should have liked him to be shot, and the whole French police force exterminated. To hear a little underbred policeman dare to speak like that to my big, brave, handsome Englishman, and to know that it would be childish and undignified of Ivor to resist—oh, I could have killed the creature with my own hands—I think!"

As for Ivor, he said not another word, except "goodbye," smiling half sadly, half with a twinkle of grim humor. Then he went out, with his head high; and just at the door he threw me back one look. It said as plainly as if he had spoken: "Remember, I know you won't fail me."

I did indeed remember, and I prayed that I should have pluck and courage not to fail. But it was a very hard thing that he had asked me to do, and he had said well in saying that he would not ask it of me if it did not mean more than his life.

The words he had whispered so hastily and unexpectedly in Spanish were these: "Go to the room of the murder, alone, and on the window balcony find in a box under flowerpots, a folded document. Take this to Maxine. Every moment counts."

So it seemed that it was always of her he thought—of Maxine de Renzie! And I, of all people in the world, was to help him, with her.

As I thought of this task he'd set me, and of all it meant, it appeared more and more incredible that he should have had the heart to ask such a thing of me. But—it—"meant more than his life." And I would do the thing, if it could be done, because of my pride.

As I drove away from the prison, a kind of fury grew in me and possessed me. I felt as if I had a fire instead of blood in my veins. If I had known that death, or worse than death, waited for me in the ghastly house to which Ivor had sent me, I would still have gone there.

My first thought was to go instantly, and get it over—with success or failure. But calmer thoughts prevailed.

I hadn't looked at the papers yet. My only knowledge of last night's dreadful happenings had come from Uncle Eric and Lord Robert West. I had said to myself that I didn't wish to read the newspaper accounts of the murder, and of Ivor's supposed part in it. I remembered now, however, that I did not even know in what part of Paris the house of the murder was. I recalled only the name of the street, because it was a curiously grim one—like the tragedy that had been acted in it.

I couldn't tell the cabman to drive me to the street and house. That would be a stupid thing to do. I must search the papers, and find out from them something about the neighborhood, for there would surely be plenty of details of that sort. And I must do this without first going back to the hotel, as it might be very difficult to get away again, once I was there. Now, nobody knew where I was, and I was free to do as I pleased, no matter what the consequences might be afterwards.

Passing a Duval restaurant, I suddenly ordered my motor-cab to stop. Having paid and sent it away, I went upstairs, and asked for a cup of chocolate at one of the little, deadly respectable-looking marble tables. Also I asked to see an evening paper.

It was a shock to find Ivor's photograph, horribly reproduced, gazing at me from the front page. The photograph was an old one, which had been a good deal shown in shop windows, much to Ivor's disgust, at about the time when he returned from his great expedition, and published his really wonderful book. I had seen it before I met him; and as it must have been on sale in Paris as well as London, it had been easy enough for the newspaper people to get it. Then there came the story of the murder, built up dramatically. Hating it, sickened by it, I yet read it all. I knew where to go to find the house, and I knew that the murder had been committed in a back room on the top floor. Also I saw the picture of the window with the balcony. Ivor was supposed—according to Girard, the detective—to have tried in vain to escape by way of this high balcony, on hearing sounds outside the door while busy in searching the dead man's room. Girard said that he had seen him first, by the light of a bull's-eye lantern, which he—Girard—carried, standing at bay in the open window. There was a photograph of this window, taken from outside. There was the balcony; and there was the balcony of another window with another balcony just like it, on the adjoining house. I looked at the picture, and judged that there would not be more than two feet of distance between the railings of those two balconies.

"That would be my way to get there—if I can get there at all," I said to myself. But there was hardly any "if" left in my mind now. I meant to get there.

By this time it was after five o'clock. I left the Duval restaurant, and again took a cab. The first thing I did was to send a petit bleu to Aunt Lilian, saying that she wasn't to worry about me. I'd been hipped and nervous, and had gone out to see a friend who was—I'd just found out—staying in Paris. Perhaps I should stop with the friend to dinner; but at latest I should be back by nine or ten o'clock. That would save a bother at the hotel (for Aunt Lilian knew I had heaps of American friends who came every year to Paris), yet no one would know where to search for me, even if they were inclined.

Next I drove to a street near the Rue de la Fille Sauvage, and dismissed my cab. I asked for no directions, but after one or two mistakes, found the street I wanted. Instead of going to the house of the murder, I passed on to the next house on the left—the house of the balcony almost adjoining the dead man's.

I rang the bell for the concierge, and asked him if there were any rooms to let in the house. I knew already that there were, for I could see the advertisement of "Chambres a louer," staring me in the face; but I spoke French as badly as I could, making three mistakes to every sentence, and begged the man to talk slowly in answering me.

There were several rooms to be had, it appeared, but it would have been

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too good to be true that the one I wanted should be empty. After we had jabbered awhile, I made the concierge understand that I was a young American journalist, employed by a New York newspaper. I wanted to "write up" the murder of last night, according to my own ideas, and as of course the police wouldn't let me go into the room where it happened, the next best thing would be to take the room close to it, in the house adjoining. I wanted to be there only long enough to "get the emotion, the sensation," I explained, so as to make my article really dramatic. Would the people who occupied that room let it to me for a few hours. Long before bed time, they could have it back again, if I got on well with my writing.

The concierge, to whom I gave ten francs as a kind of retaining fee, was almost sure the occupants of the room (an old man and his wife) would willingly agree to such a proposal, if I paid them well enough for their trouble in turning out.

Would three louis be enough? I asked. The concierge—whose eyes brightened—thought that it would. I knew by his look he would take a large commission for managing the affair, as he quickly offered to do; but that didn't matter to me.

He confirmed my idea that it would have been hopeless to try and get into the room of the murder itself even if I could have borne it, saying that the door, and window, too, had been sealed by the police, who were also guarding the house from curiosity seekers; but he added that I could see the shut window from the balcony of the room I was going to hire.

I waited for him, and played with his very unattractive baby, while he went upstairs to make inquiries. He was gone for some time, explaining to the people; but at last, when my patience was almost too far strained, he came back to say that Monsieur and Madame Nissot had consented to go out of their room for the evening. They were dining at that moment however, and mademoiselle must be pleased to wait a few moments until they finished the meal, and gathered up a few things which they could carry to a neighbor's; books, and work for their hours of absence, the concierge politely suggested. But that was to save my feelings, no doubt; for I was sure the husband and wife meant to make a parcel of any valuables which could possibly be carried off by an unscrupulous American journalist. Also, they stipulated that payment must be made in advance. That I agreed willingly. And then—I waited, waited. It was tedious, but after all, the tediousness didn't matter much when I came to think of it. It would be impossible to do the thing I had made up my mind to do, till after dark.

CHAPTER XVII.

Maxine Makes a Bargain.

We looked everywhere, in all possible places, for the diamond necklace, Raoul and I; and to him, poor fellow, its second loss seemed overwhelming. He did not see in glaring scarlet letters always before his eyes these two words: "The Treaty," as I did—for my punishment. He was in happy ignorance still of that other loss which I—I, to whom his honor should have been sacred—had inflicted upon him. He was satisfied with my story, that through a person employed by me—a person whose name could not yet be mentioned, even to him—the necklace had been snatched from the thief who had stolen it. He blamed himself mercilessly for thinking so little of the brocade bag which I had given him at parting, for letting all remembrance of my words concerning it to be put out of his mind by his "wicked jealousy," as he repentantly called it. For me, he had nothing but praise and gratitude for what I had done for him. He begged me to forgive him, and his remorse for such a small thing, comparatively—wrung my heart.

We searched the garden and the whole street, then came back to search the little drawing room for the second time, in vain. It did seem that there was witchcraft in it, as I said to Raoul; but at last I persuaded him to go away, and follow his own track wherever he had been since I gave him the bag with the diamonds. It was just possible, as it was so late, and his way had led him through quiet streets, that even after all this time the little brocade bag might be lying where he had left it—or that some honest policeman on his beat might have picked it up. Besides, there was the cab in which he had come part of the distance to my house. The bag might have fallen on the floor while he drove; and there were many honest cabmen in Paris, I reminded him, trying to be as cheerful as I could.

So he left me. And I was deadly tired; but I had no thought of sleep—no wish for it. When I had unlocked the door of my boudoir, and found Ivor Dundas gone, as I had hoped he would be, the next hope born in my heart was that he would by-and-by come back, or send—with news.

Hour after hour of deadly suspense passed on, however, and he did not come or make any sign. At five o'clock, Marianne, who had flitted about all night like a restless ghost, made me drink a cup of hot chocolate, and actually put me to bed. My last words to her were: "What is the use? I can't sleep. It will be worse to lie and toss in a fever, than sit up."

Yet I did sleep, and heavily. She will always deny it, I know, but I'm sure she must have slyly slipped a sleeping powder into the chocolate. I was far too much occupied with my own thoughts as I drank it to please her, to think whether or no there was anything at all peculiar in the taste.

Be that as it may, I slept; and when I waked suddenly, starting out of a hateful dream (yet scarcely worse than realities), to my horror it was nearly noon.

I was wild with fear lest the servants, in their stupid but well meant wish not to disturb me, might have sent important visitors away. However, when Marianne came flying in, in answer to my long peal of the electric bell, she said that no one had been. There were letters and one telegram, and all the morning papers, as usual after the first night of a new play.

My heart gave a spring at the news that there was a telegram, for I thought it might be from Ivor, saying he was on the track of the treaty, even if he hadn't yet got hold of it. But the message was from Raoul; and he had not found the brocade bag. He did not put this in so many words, but said: "I have not found what was lost, or learned anything of it."

From Ivor there was not a line, and I thought this cruel. He might have wired, or written me a note, even if there were nothing definite to say. He might, unless—something had happened to him. There was that to think of; and I did think of it, with dread, and a growing presentment that I had not suffered yet all I was to suffer. I determined to send a servant to the Elysee Palace Hotel to inquire for him, and dispatched a man immediately. Meanwhile, as there was nothing to do, after pretending to eat breakfast under the watchful eyes of Marianna, I pretended also to read the newspaper notices of the play. But each sentence went out of my head before I had begun the next. I knew in the end only that, according to the critics, Maxine de Renzie had "surpassed herself," and been "astonishingly great," had done "what no woman could do unless she threw her whole soul into her part." How little they knew where Maxine de Renzie's soul had been last night! And—only God knew where it might be this night. Out of her body, perhaps—the one way of escape from Raoul's hatred, if he had come to know the truth.

Of course the inquiry at the hotel was not for Ivor Dundas, but for the name he had adopted there; yet when my servant came back to me he had nothing to tell which was consoling—rather the other way. The gentleman had gone out about midnight (I knew that already), and hadn't returned since. My man had been to the Bureau to ask, and it had struck him, he admitted to me on being catechised, that his questions had been answered with a certain reserve, as if more were known of the absent gentleman's movements than it was considered wise to tell.

The servant had not been long away, though it seemed long to me, and he had delayed only to buy all the evening papers, which he "thought that Mademoiselle would like to see, as they were sure to be filled with praise of her great acting." It was on my tongue to scold him for stopping even one moment, when he had been told to hurry, but he looked so pleased at his own cleverness that I hadn't the heart to dash his happiness. I would, however, have pushed the papers aside without so much as glancing at them, if it hadn't suddenly occurred to me that, if any accident had befallen Ivor news of it might possibly have got into print by this time.

When I read what had happened—how he was accused of murder, and while declaring his innocence had been silent as to all those events which might have proved it, my heart went out to him in a wave of gratitude. Here was a man! A man loyal and brave and chivalrous as all men ought to be, but few are! He had sacrificed himself to the death, no doubt, to keep my name out of the mud into which my business had thrown him, and to save me from appearing in Raoul's eyes the liar that I was. Had Ivor told that he was with me, after I had prevaricated (if I had not actually lied) to Raoul about the midnight visitor to my house, what would Raoul think of me?

Ivor was trying to save me, if he could; and he had been trying to save me when he went to the room of that dead man, though how and when he had decided to go I knew not. If it were not for me, he would be free and happy today.

My conscience cried out that the one thing to do was to go at once to the chief of police and say: "Monsieur, this English gentleman they have arrested cannot have committed a murder in the Rue de la Fille Sauvage, between half-past twelve and one last night, for he came to my house, far away in the Rue d'Hollande, at a quarter past twelve, and didn't leave it till after one o'clock.

I even sprang up from my chair in the very room where I had hidden Ivor, to ring for Marianne and tell her to bring me a hat and coat, to bid her order my electric brougham immediately. But—I sat down again, sick and despairing, deliberately crushing the generous impulse. I couldn't obey it. I dared not. By-and-bye, perhaps, if Ivor should be in real pressing danger, then certainly. But not now.

At four o'clock Raoul came, and was with me for an hour. Each of us tried to cheer the other. I did all I could to make him hope that even yet he would have news of the brocade bag and its contents. He, thinking me ill and tired out, did all he could to persuade me that he was not miserable with anxiety. At least, he was no longer jealous of Godensky or of any man, and was humbly repentant for his suspicions of me the night before. When Raoul is repentant, and wishes to atone for something that he has done, he is charming. There was never a man like him.

At five, I sent him away, with the excuse that I must rest, as I hadn't slept much the night before; but really it was because I feared lest I should disgrace myself before him by breaking down, and giving him a fright—or perhaps even by being mad enough to confess the thing I had done. I felt that I was no longer mistress of myself—that I might be capable of any folly.

I could not eat, but I drank some beef-tea before starting for the theatre, where I went earlier than usual. It would be something to be busy; and in my part I might even forget for a moment, now and then.

Marianne and I were in my dressing room before seven. I insisted on dressing at once, and took as long as I could in the process of making up; still, when I was ready there was more than half an hour to spare before the first act. There were letters for me—the kind that always come to the theatre—but I couldn't read them, and after I had occupied myself with tearing open the envelopes. I knew what they would be; vows of adoration from strangers; poems by budding poets; petitions for advice from girls and young men who wanted to go on the stage; requests from artists who wanted to paint my picture. There were always such things every night, especially after the opening of a new play.

I was still aimlessly breaking fantastic seals, and staring unseeingly at crests and coronets, when there came a knock at the door. Marianne opened it, to speak for a moment with the stage door keeper.

"Mademoiselle," she whispered, coming to me. "Monsieur le Comte Godensky wishes to see you. Shall I say you are not receiving?"

I thought for a moment. Better see him, perhaps. I might learn something. If not—if he had only come to torture me uselessly to please himself, I would soon find out, and could send him away.

I went into my little reception room adjoining, and received him there. He advanced smiling, as one advances to a friend of whose welcome one is sure.

"Well?" I asked, abruptly, when the door was shut and we were alone. He held out his hand, but I put mine behind me, and drew back a step when he came too close.

"Well—I have news for you, that no one else could bring, so I thought you would be glad to see—even me?" he answered, smiling still.

"What news? But bad, of course—or you wouldn't bring it."

"You are very cruel. Of course, you've seen the evening papers? You know that your English friend is in prison?"

"The same English friend whom you would have liked to see arrested early last evening on a ridiculous, baseless charge," I flung at him. "You look surprised. But you are not surprised, Count Godensky—except, perhaps, that I should guess who had me spied upon at the Elysee Palace Hotel. A disappointment, that affair, wasn't it? But you haven't told me your news."

"It is this: That Mr. Ivor Dundas, of England, has been on the rack today."

"What do you mean?"

"He has been in the hands of the Juge d'Instruction. It is much the same, isn't it, if one has secrets to keep? Would you like to know, if some magical bird could tell you, what questions were put to Mr. Dundas, and what answers he made?"

Strange, that this very thought had been torturing me before Godensky came! I had been thinking of the Juge d'Instruction, and his terrible cross-examination which only a man of steel or iron can answer without trembling. I had thought that questions had been asked and answers given which might mean everything to me, if I could only have heard them. Could it be that I was to hear now? But I reminded myself that this was impossible. No one could know except the Juge d'Instruction and Ivor Dundas himself. "Only two men were present at that scene, and they will never tell what went on," I said, aloud.

"Three men were present," Godensky answered. "Besides the two of whom you think, there was another; a lawyer who speaks English. It is permitted now-a-days that a foreigner, if he demands it, can be accompanied by his legal adviser when he goes before the Juge d'Instruction. Otherwise his lack of knowledge of the language might handicap him, and cause misunderstandings which would prejudice his case."

He paused a moment, but I did not reply. I knew that Ivor Dundas spoke French as well as I; but I was not going to tell this Russian that fact.

"The adviser your friend has chosen," Godensky went on, "happens to be a protege of mine. I made him—gave him his first case his first success; and have employed him more than once since. Odd, what a penchant Mr. Dundas seems to have for men in whom I, too, have confidence! Last night, it was Girard. Today, it is Lenormand."

This was a blow, and heavy one; but I wouldn't let Godensky see that I winced under it.

"You keep yourself singularly well-informed of the movements of your various proteges," I said—"as well as those of your enemies. But if the information in the one case is no more trustworthy than in the other—why, you're not faithfully served. I've good reason to know that you've made several mistakes lately, and you're likely to make more."

"Thanks for the warning. But I hope you don't call yourself my 'enemy'?"

I don't know of a more appropriate name—after the baseness that you haven't even tried to hide, in your dealings with me."

"I thought all was fair in love and war."

"Do you make war on women?"

"No—I make love to them."

"To many, I dare say. But here is one who won't listen."

"At least you will listen while I go on with the news I came to tell?"

"Oh, yes, I confess to being curious. No doubt what you say will be interesting—even if not accurate."

"I can promise that it shall be both. I called on Lenormand as soon as I learned what had happened—that he'd been mixed in this case—and expressed myself as extremely concerned for the fate of his client, friends of whom were intimate friends of mine. So you see, there was no question of treachery on Lenormand's part. He trusts me—as you do not. Indeed, I even offered my help for Dundas, if I could give it consistently with my position. Naturally, he told me nothing which could be used against Dundas, so far as he knew, even if I wished to go against him—which my coming here ought to prove to you that I do not.

"I read the proof rather differently," I said. "But go on. I'm sure you are anxious to tell me certain things. Please come to the point."

"In a few words, then, the point is this: One of the most important questions put by the Juge d'Instruction, after hearing from Mr. Dundas the explanation of a document found on him by the police—ah, that wakes you up, Mademoiselle! You are surprised that a document was found on the prisoner."

I was half fainting with fear lest Ivor had regained the treaty only to lose it again in this dreadful way; but I controlled myself.

"I rather hope it was not a letter from me," I said. "You know so much, that you probably know I admitted to the police at the Elysee Palace a strong friendship for Mr. Dundas. We knew each other well in London. But London ways are different from the ways of Paris. It isn't agreeable to be gossiped about, however unjustly, even if one is—only an actress."

"You turn things cleverly, as always. Yes, you are afraid there might have been—a letter. Yet the public adores you. It would pardon you any indiscretion, especially a romantic one—any indiscretion except treachery. There might, however, be a few persons less indulgent. Du Laurier, for instance."

I shivered. We were speaking of the scene with the Juge d'Instruction," I reminded him. "You have wandered from the point again."

"There are so many points—all sharp as swords for those they may pierce. Well, the important question was in relation to a letter—yes. But the letter was not from you, Mademoiselle. It was written in English, and it made an appointment at the very address where the crime was committed. It was, as nearly as I could make out, a request from a person calling himself a jeweller's assistant, for the receiver of the letter to call and return a case containing jewels. This case had been committed to Mr. Dundas' care, it appeared, while traveling from London to Paris, and without his knowledge, another packet being taken away to make room for this. Mr. Dundas replied to the Juge d'Instruction that his own packet, stolen from him on the journey, contained nothing but papers entirely personal, concerning himself alone.

"What was in the case which the man, afterwards murdered, slipped into your pocket?" asked the Juge d'Instruction—Lenormand tells me.

"'A necklace,' answered Mr. Dundas.

"'A necklace of diamonds?'

"'Possibly diamonds, possibly paste, I wasn't much interested in it.'

"'Ah, was this not the necklace which you—staying at the Elysee Palace under another name—gave to Mademoiselle de Renzie last evening?' was the next question thrown suddenly at Mr. Dundas' head. Now, you see, Mademoiselle, that my story is not dull."

"Am I hear the rest—according to your protege?" I asked, twisting my handkerchief, as I would have liked to twist Godensky's neck, till he had no more breath or wickedness left in him.

"Mr. Dundas tried his best to convince the Juge d'Instruction, a most clever and experienced man, that if he had, as an old friend, brought you a present, it was something entirely different, and therefore far removed from this case.

"'Are you not Mademoiselle de Renzie's lover?' was the next enquiry. 'I admire her, as do thousands of others, who also respect her as I do,' your friend returned very prettily. At last, dearest lady, you begin to see what there is in this string of questions and answers to bring me straight to you?"

"No, Count Godensky, I do not." I answered steadily. But a sudden illuminating ray did show me, even as I spoke, what might be in his scheming mind.

"Then I must be clear, and, above all, frank. Du Laurier loves you. You love him. You mean, I think, to marry him. But deeply in love as he is, he is a very proud fellow. He will have all or nothing, if I judge him well; and he would not take for his wife a woman who accepts diamonds from another man, saying, as she takes them, that he is her lover."

"He wouldn't believe it of me!" I cried.

"There is a way of convincing him. Oh, I shall not tell him! But he shall see in writing all that passed between the Juge d'Instruction and Mr. Dundas, unless——"

"Unless?—but I know what you mean to threaten. You repeat yourself."

"Not quite, for I have new arguments, and stronger ones. I want you, Maxine. I mean to have you, or I will crush you, and now you know I can. Choose."

I sprang up, and looked at him. Perhaps there was murder in my eyes, as, for a moment, there was in my heart, for he exclaimed:

"Tigeress! You would kill me if you could. But that doesn't make me love you less. Would du Laurier have you if he knew what you are—as he will know soon unless you let me save you? Yet I—I would love you if you were a murderess as well as a—spy."

"It is you who are a spy!" I faltered, now all but broken.

"If I am, I haven't spied in vain. Not only can I ruin you with du Laurier, and before the world, but I can ruin him utterly and in all ways."

"No—no," I gasped. "You cannot. You're boasting. You can do nothing."

"Nothing tonight, perhaps. I'm not speaking of tonight. I am giving you time. But tomorrow—or the day after. It's much the same to me. At first, when I first began to suspect that something had been taken from its place, I had no proof. I had to get that, and I did get it—nearly all I wanted. This affair of Dundas might have been planned for my advantage. It is perfect. All its complications are just so many links in a chain for me. Girard—the man Dundas chose to employ—was the very man I sent to England; on what errand, do you think? To watch your friend the British Foreign Secretary. He followed Dundas to Paris on the bare suspicion that there'd been communciation between the two, and he was preparing a report for me when—Dundas called on him."

"What connection can Ivor Dundas' coming to Paris have with Raoul du Laurier???" I dared to ask.

"You know best as to that."

"They have never met. Both are men of honor, and——"

"Men of honor are tricked by women sometimes, and then they have to suffer for being fools, as if they had been villains. Think what such a man—a man of honor, as you say—would feel when he found out the woman!"

"A woman can be calumniated as well as a man," I said. "You are so unscrupulous, you would stoop to anything, I know that. Raoul du Laurier has done nothing; I—I have done nothing, of which to be ashamed. Yet you can lie about us, ruin him, perhaps, by a plot, as if he were guilty, and—do terrible harm to me."

"I can—without the trouble of lying. And I will, unless you'll give up du Laurier and make up your mind to marry me. I always meant to have you. You are the one woman worthy of me."

"You are the man most unworthy of any woman. But, give me till tomorrow evening—at this time—to decide. Will you promise me that?"

"No, I know what you would do. You would kill yourself. It is what is in your mind now. I won't risk losing you. I have waited long enough already. Give me a ring of yours, and a written word from you to du Laurier, saying that you find you have made a mistake; and not only will I do nothing to injure him, but will guard against the discovery of—you know what. Besides, as a matter of course, I'll bring all my influence to bear in keeping your name out of this or any other scandal. I can do much, everything, indeed, for I admit that it was through me the commissary of police trapped you with Dundas. I will say that I blundered. I know what to do to save you, and I will do it—for my future wife."

"No power on earth could induce me to break with Raoul du Laurier in the way you wish," I said. "If—if I am to give him up, I must tell him with my own lips, and bid him good-bye. I will do this tomorrow, if you will hold your hand until then."

We looked at each other for a long moment in silence. Godensky was trying to read my mind, and to make up his accordingly.

"You swear by everything you hold sacred to break with him tomorrow?"

"By the memory of my faher and mother, martyred by bureaucrats like you, I pledge my word that—that—if I can't break with Raoul, to let you know the first thing in the morning, and dare you to do—what you will."

"You will not 'dare' me, I think. And because I think so, I will wait—a little longer."

"Until this time tomorrow?"

"No. For if you cheated me, it would be too late to act for another twelve hours. But I will give you till tomorrow noon. You agree to that?"

"I agree." My lips formed the words, I hardly spoke them; but he understood, and with a flash in his eyes, took a step towards me as if to snatch my hand. I drew away. He followed, but at this instant Marianne appeared at the door.

"There is a young lady to see Mademoiselle," she announced, her good-natured, open face showing all her dislike of Count Godensky. "A young lady who sends this note, begging that Mademoiselle will read it at once, and consent to see her."

Thankful that the tete-a-tete had been interrupted, I held out my hand for the letter. Marianne gave it to me. I glanced at the name written below the lines which only half filled the first page of theatre paper, and found it strange to me. But, even if I had not been ready to snatch at the chance of ridding myself immediately of Godensky, the few words above the unfamiliar name would have made me say, as I did say, "Bring the young lady in at once."

"I come to you from Mr. Dundas, on business which he told me was of the greatest and most pressing importance.

"DIANA FOREST."

That was the whole contents of the note; but a dozen sheets closely filled with arguments could not have moved me more.

(To Be Continued.)

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Is on every wrapper of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery because a full list of the ingredients composing it is printed there in plain English. Forty years of experience has proven its superior worth as a blood purifier and invigorating tonic for the cure of stomach disorders and all liver ills. It builds up the run-down system as no other tonic can in which alcohol is used. The active medicinal principles of native roots such as Golden Seal and Queen's root, Stone and Mandrake root, Bloodroot and Black Cherrybark are extracted and preserved by the use of chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce at Buffalo, N. Y., for *free* booklet which quotes extracts from well-recognized medical authorities such as Drs. Bartholow, King, Scudder, Coe, Ellingwood and a host of others, showing that these roots can be depended upon for their curative action in all weak states of the stomach, accompanied by indigestion or dyspepsia as well as in all bilious or liver complaints and in all "wasting diseases" where there is loss of flesh and gradual running down of the strength and system.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" makes rich, pure blood and so invigorates and regulates the stomach, liver and bowels, and, through them, the whole system. Thus all skin affections, blotches, pimples and eruptions as well as scrofulous swellings and old open running sores or ulcers are cured and healed. In treating old running sores, or ulcers, it is well to insure their healing to apply to them Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve. If your druggist don't happen to have this Salve in stock, send fifty-four cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and a large box of the "All-Healing Salve" will reach you by return post.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic, medicine OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

FORTHTELLERS OF THE BEST

The International Sunday School Lesson for March 22 Is a Quarterly Review.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

A quack is distinguished from a true scientist by the fact that the former retains for his own advantage what he learns, while the latter proclaims to the world, for the benefit of humanity, all his discoveries. The unwritten law among honorable scientists is that the best one knows belongs to all men.

This same principle runs as a golden thread through the Book of John, which the Sunday schools have been studying for the past three months. It has altogether been, on the part of a variety of men, a forthtelling of the best they knew. In conventional religious terminology, the lessons have been studies in witness-bearing.

A primary obligation of life is that which rests upon the man of science, and which was accepted by the characters who move in noble procession through these pages—the obligation to testify to the truth as it has been received or achieved. That is the main business of the preacher. It is likewise the accepted mission of the worthiest newspapers. Scholarship holds this as its highest creed. And the plain man of the street can do no better service to his fellow-man than to tell forth, modestly, resolutely and unfailingly, the best things they know. Incidentally, that simple rule would dam a whole flood of idle, profane and unclean speech.

An Early Journalist.

John filled the office of a journalist. Of the four reporters of the words, acts and character of Jesus, his is the ablest and most intimate character study. A number of notable facts are known concerning this friend of Jesus, who possessed the pen of a ready writer; but the one great fact which obscures all others is that he has bequeathed to the world a record of his supreme knowledge: which was Christ. He is the first of the forthtellers of the best who has been treated in these studies. Literature and life are his debtors because he joined heart to hand in writing his testimony concerning history's pre-eminent character.

The wonder is that more of the minds which have come under the spell of that Personality do not take up the pen as a medium of witness-bearing. The man with a passion for interpreting Christ naturally turns to the pulpit as his means of reaching the people; yet what an insignificant handful the largest congregation seems alongside of the tens of thousands, and even millions, who may be reached through the printed page. I confess to a feeling of awe and utter unfitness when I contemplate how even this poor preachment will be read by busy men of affairs, by gentle "shut-ins," by earnest Christians and by others whom the usual Christian agencies do not reach—in city homes of all kinds, in farmhouses, in mountain cabins, in miners' lodgings, on trains and boats—the territory covered every week stretching from Alaska to Texas, from ocean to ocean. It is no idle prophecy to declare that one of the agencies to be largely employed in the near tomorrow by the increasingly contemporaneous Kingdom will be the existing newspaper press.

A Wilderness Prophet.

A certain type of mind will hear no preacher who is not arrayed in canonical vestments; but the great bulk of humanity are willing to be startled into attention by unconventional men and unconventional methods. The world nearly always has—after Mrs. Grundy has set her seal of approval on him. The official prophesied Forthteller of Jesus was a rough figure from the wilderness, his camel's-hair robe girt by a leather throng. John the Baptist was a man immersed in a mission. Professedly and avowedly, he was only a voice calling attention to the One Who Was to Come.

The nearest to greatness that most of us ever can approach is to support and follow the great. This was John's noble career, to witness to the Greater One. All the attention that men would show to him, to refuse to accept, turning it to that Figure to whom he pointed, crying, as with kingly self-abnegation he surrendered his own disciples, "Behold, the Lamb of God!" In the train of this wonderful witnesser all can follow who will: forget themselves and cry, "Behold!"

The Supporting Friends.

A Pittsburg oyster-opener was officially notified the other day that he had fallen heir to a million dollars. Do you suppose the humble oyster saloon will know him much longer. He has now more important duties in life than opening oysters—although a week ago he doubtless counted himself fortunate to have a steady job. The good must be made way for the better. A man who finds great treasure must forsake lesser things.

Thus the little band of twelve intimate friends, who figure in these lessons on the life of our Lord, gave up all else in order that they might follow Him. In Him they saw the Supreme Good: to support, serve and follow Him thenceforth became with them life's chief business. We wonder how they would serve the Promised One if they were alive today? Would they all be preachers to established congregations? Or would whatever be a successful business man, earning money to send the Good News where he could never carry it himself? Would John write? Would Andrew be a city missionary or a Y. M. C. A. secretary? Would Peter be the organizer and leader of great Christian doctrines? Assuredly, each in his own place, in his way would proclaim to the world the Best; none would be living for second-rate goals.

A Life's Outreach.

A curious assortment of people are found linked, in one way or another, to the life of the Hero whose career is being studied. Nearly all of these—such was, and still is, the peculiar power of Jesus over His friends—became heralds of his helpfulness. It is the fashion of Jesus to make men His witnesses, and thus, inevitably, witnesses for all that is most worth while in life.

There, for instance, was that flippant, slow-witted and not altogether respectable Samaritan woman by Jacob's well. Unpromising material, she. Yet the touch of Jesus upon her spirit made her an evangelist to her village; and she who had stood for the worst straightway began to stand for the best. Then there was that eager, distracted nobleman, seeking health for his son—and finding it, along with better things. At once he became a spreader of the truth. The sufferer at the Pool of Bethseda, and the man born blind, what stout and effective champions of the truth they became, after coming under the healing influence of Jesus. In a crude, cross and selfish fashion, the hungry mob whom Christ fed on the hillside likewise bore their testimony to the Wonderful One. Only Nicodemus failed to be true to the best he had learned—and even he, belatedly, came out in reckless and unreserved allegiance to the Teacher whom he had discovered to be the promised Revealer of God.

Truth's Noblest Knight.

This practicable, unliable, present-day theme of utter loyalty to truth, which runs through all the Sabbath school lessons, naturally found its fullest expression in the central figure of this moving biography. Jesus alone lived life at its best. He was a revelation of human possibilities; in his school men learn how to be true and good and forever steadfast. The motives that sway most of us today—pride, fear, lust for gold, concern for reputation, and all the other varied forms that self-interest wears—he showed men how to subordinate, putting above them all a regnant loyalty to the will of God. Consistently, and inspiringly, Jesus lived to please His Father and to serve mankind. He sought no glory from men. He did not wear the face of man. For Him life meant one thing supremely—and this principle he reiterates for all men's guidance—an opportunity to live the life of God in the world of men.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Farmstead

Questions for Answer.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some Farmstead reader kindly tell me what to do for a horse, to cure him of panting? He doesn't seem to be winded, nor are there any symptoms of heaves, but he pants easily, especially when driven up hill. A remedy or preventive will be greatly appreciated.—K., Elon, Ind.

Will someone tell me what to do to keep my grapes from getting wormy and worthless? The vines appear thrifty and free from disease, but from the time the grapes are nearly grown till ripe they get hard on one side, and then, when ripe, they are wormy and not fit to use. Information will be thankfully received.—F., Decatur, Ill.

Budding.

S., Breen, Col.: Peaches, pears, apples, plums and cherries are budded here in New York from about July 15 to August 15. You must wait till the buds on the annual shoots are sufficiently formed; on the other hand if you wait too long the bark will not peel readily and it cannot be done. A regular budding knife—50c or 75c from any nursery or seed store—is recommended, but whatever knife is used it must be sharp as a razor, almost. Having the 2-year-old stock, about like a stout leadpencil, make a horizontal cut three inches from the ground about one-third of the way round the stock. Now from the middle of this make a cut two inches long straight toward the ground through to the wood in both cuts. Select a good shoot and cut the leaves off, leaving the leaf stems like little handles; then with the butt of the bud-stick toward you set the knife half an inch above the bud you intend to take, making a sloping cut into the stick, being at the deepest just where you pass the bud, then sloping up to the surface again. Now you have a wild shield an inch long with the bud in the center. Raise the corners of the flaps on the stock, insert the shield and push it gently down between bark and wood. If the shield is too long to go below the horizontal cut put the knife to the cut and cut it equally off. Bring the flaps over the bud as far as possible and tie them fast. Little strips of muslin will do for a few buds; buy raphia or raffia for big jobs from any garden house. Begin budding a little above the cut and go a little lower at every turn until you are close to the bud. Now tie this band and begin again just below the bud, winding down till you are below the vertical cut and when all is done the bud is visible between the two bands. In spring when the buds start cut off the bands and cut off the stock an inch above the bud, the shoot from which is to make the stem of the new tree.

Yes, red currants, black English currants, ornamental yellow flowering, Missouri currants, etc., can all be grown from cuttings. The large grower makes his cuttings—from the annual shoots—in the fall digs a trench, lays a cutting in a slanting position, covers it with earth and pounds down the dirt with a wooden maul. Then a foot from the first he lays another and so on leaving a top bud or two in sight. Covers the row with coarse manure for the winter, digs it from over the cuttings in spring and keeps clear of weeds. But your cuttings will succeed if set this spring. Set them as early as the soil can be worked.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

Growing Celery.

All growers of outdoor celery plants know that one of the most essential things in raising the plants is to get them started before the weeds get so large that the plants cannot be found. To prevent this, take shallow pans, three or four inches deep, fill with clean white sand, mix the seeds thoroughly through the sand, place in a sunny window, keep the surface moist; in about a week the seed should be sprouted about one-fourth of an inch, when they can be planted in the open ground. A good way is to plant in rows and thoroughly tamp down with the hoe; care must be taken to not cover too deep; raking over lightly with a garden rake will cover sufficiently; the sand being mixed with the seed makes it much more easy to sow without getting too thick. I plant white plume for first crop and French's Success for winter use. The last is a green celery similar to winter green, but grows larger; does not grow so much soft celery and is a better keeper.—C., Ionia, Mich.

Ruptured Pig.

G., Darwin, Va.: If your pig eats his allowance and seems to feel well let him alone. The breach will most likely be of no consequence.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

Roses.

L., North Vernon, Ind.: Send to any mail-order seed house for Bordeaux mixture, flowers of sulphur or both for the mildew, and sulpho-tobacco soap for the scale. Describe the case to them and they will give directions.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

Live Stock Notes.

Expiriments have proved that a ton of cowpea hay is worth as much for stock feed as a ton of wheat bran, and even more if a fair quantity of ripe peas is saved with the hay.

For warts on cattle, castor oil rubbed well into the warts twice daily for a week or two is recommended.

The draft stallion should have good size and he must have energy and fine action. The big, sluggish draft horse is not wanted in the market and should not be bred to reproduce that type.

Weaned colts should not be allowed to run down in condition at this time. Keep them thrifty.

The hogs will have better digestion and health if a small box of wood ashes or charcoal is placed in their pen where they can get at it.

Pigs are sensitive to cold, and the late litters should be well protected, as also the early spring pigs. If milk is not plenty, make a porridge and add to it. Raw meat is not suitable for young pigs.

For hard working horses sugar is a great restorer.

English sheep feeders attach more importance to succulent feeds, such as turnips and cabbage, than do American feeders. They are also strong believers in giving fattening sheep daily exercise.

A good stockman speaks kindly to his animals. He is not cruel and rough in his ways, knowing that to have faithful and profitable stock it is necessary that it should have the best treatment.

It seems to be the duty of some blacksmiths to gouge a few "hunks" out of the frogs of a horse's foot before the shoe is put on. There is no better way to ruin it.

For fattening cattle, corn takes the lead, its equal not having been found among the other kinds of grain. In some cases corn and cobmeal have been found superior to corn.

If calves have been forced to take rough handling, when selling time comes there will be a discount of 25 per cent on the price given for stock that has been kept dry, well bedded and well fed.

Goat Kids.

The owner of a large goat ranch, who has observed these little animals closely, says:

"The kidding time is one of the most trying periods of the year with the herdsmen. In places owners of goat ranches have a corral in which the kids are kept, inside of a wire enclosure, for about two weeks after their birth. At certain intervals the mother will come back and jump over this wire fence and remain with the kid long enough for it to feed, when she will jump out and join the flock. In other ranches the kid is tied to a stake, and the mother will return to it the same as when it is in a corral. If left to run with the flock, the kid, while it is but a few days old, will lie down and fall asleep and become lost. The strange thing about the mother goat is that she will always remember the last place she saw the kid, and will go

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REE to Every Man or oman

uld you like to eat all you want to, and what want to, when you want to, without a chance trouble in your stomach?
uld you like to say **farewell for the rest of** life to Dyspepsia, **Indigestion, Sour Stomach,** ess after eating, Nervousness, **Catarrh of** tomach, Heart Fluttering, **Sick Headache,** Constipation?
en send me 10 cents to cover cost of packing I will mail you absolutely **free one of these** ach Drafts. They regulate the bowels, relieve ess, strengthen every nerve and muscle of stomach, relieve you at once and make you e a new man or woman. So write today en- 10 cents for the postage, etc., and get one of Stomach Drafts that **are celebrated** because cure where medicines fail. Write Dr. G. G. 176 National Bank Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

HUNTING BEARS IN ALASKA

Some of Biggest of Bruin Family Found in Far North.

"There is good bear hunting on the Alaskan peninsula. I got seven grizzlies one afternoon, all of them within a quarter of a mile and not over half an hour's time. The smallest of them was a three-year-old, and I should say they averaged 2,000 pounds. It took thirteen cartridges to bring the seven down."

Grant G. Chase, hunter and prospector, who for eleven years has spent most of his time in the Alaskan wilds, crossed his knees in reminiscent fashion at the Sherman House and told a few bear stories on the eve of returning to his favorite haunts.

Then for corroboration there is the testimony of Mrs. Chase, who for several years has shared her husband's life, and who has kept a diary wherein is faithfully recorded the number of bear, caribou, sea otter and other fur bearers brought down daily, and careful measurement of the biggest skins.

"I suppose I have killed 500 or 600 bears altogether," continued Mr. Chase. "Of course, a good deal of my time has been given to some copper properties I am interested in or the number might have been much larger. At one time and another I have hunted bear pretty much all through the Rockies, but there isn't another place to equal the Alaskan peninsula.

"Big? Well, I'll tell you. Those bears up there are the largest in the world. A full grown male weighs from 2,000 to 2,500 pounds. The skin of the largest fellow I ever killed measured 13 feet 4 inches long and 13 feet 3 inches spread from toenail to toenail. I can lift as much as the average man, but I'm telling it straight when I say that with Mrs. Chase to help me I couldn't turn that fellow over on his back to skin him.

"Twenty feet is the nearest a bear bent on mischief ever got to me. An old female whose cub I had brought down, came for me one day and she was mad. She was sixty or seventy yards distant and in a bunch of alder when I took my first shot at her. She got up and came out in the clearing, and then she saw me and came for me in earnest. I worked my gun pretty rapidly and the shots took effect. She was about six paces away when she dropped.

"Mrs. Chase and I got a scare once, though, in rather a ludicrous way. I had three camps in a lonely region where for three years Mrs. Chase never saw a white woman. I had to put up 'bavaraias,' or houses of drift wood, the only kind available. We were going from one camp to another when I brought down a bear.

"We were in no hurry, so we stopped, built a fire and had some lunch. After lunch—about an hour after the shooting—we went down into a gulch where the bear was lying. Mrs. Chase was carrying an aluminum teapot. I got her to help me turn the bear over, and I was about to remove his hide when the big fellow suddenly came to life.

"You should have seen Mrs. Chase go up that hillside. The best of it was, in spite of her haste, she took time to rescue her teapot. I believe I jumped about twenty feet myself. If that bear had been in shape to do damage there might have been some trouble—but he wasn't. As a general thing there isn't much adventure—it's too easy."—Chicago Post.

FREE DEAFNESS CURE

A remarkable offer made by one of the leading ear specialists in this country. Dr. Branaman offers to all applying at once two full months' medicine free to prove his ability to cure permanently Deafness, Head Noises and Catarrh in every stage. Address Dr. G. M. Branaman, 1251 Walnut street, Kansas City, Mo.

A DIPLOMAT.

"Say, uncle! Got change for a fiver?"

"Bless my soul, yes, my lad!"

"Well, lend it to me!"—Boston Transcript.

EN GREEK MEETS GREEK

William H. Langdon, the lawyer ugh whose skill the San Francisco ters were convicted, talked at a re- dinner at the Hotel Astor in New k, about municipal corruption.

Yes," he said smiling—his conclu- was a humorous one—"to defeat icipal corruption we must be very, astute; the fight is then Greek nst Greek; it is the jockey against horse doctor.

Perhaps you have heard the story?

Well then, give ear.

gentleman at a country fair saw ockey and a horse doctor haggling dfully over the sale of a mare. It rested him to see two such tricky shrewd characters opposed, and he end of the sale he approached jockey and asked him how he e out.

'I sold her,' said the man, and he up a five-dollar note.

But is that all you got for her?' d the gentleman.

'It's enough,' was the reply. 'She's lame.'

Chuckling to himself the gentleman ht out the horse doctor.

'See here, friend,' said he, 'do you e you have given $5 for a hopey lame mare?'

The horse doctor wagged his thin heard.

'Lame she is, I grant you,' he said. hopelessly lame, no. In fact she sound as I am. She's badly shod, 's all that is the matter with her. w it at a glance.'

The gentleman whistled at this s. He went back to the jockey and him what the horse doctor had

But the jockey with a wink of the exclaimed:

'That mare is as lame as a one- ed veteran. I had her shod badly purpose to take some sucker in.'

At this the gentleman laughed loud long. Hurrying back to the horse tor again, he said:

'My dear sir, with all your cun- g that jockey has proved too much you. The mare is incurably lame. had her shod badly on purpose to e you in.'

On receipt of this news the old se doctor shook his head gravely.

'Well, anyway,' he said, 'it was a nterfeit five-dollar bill.'"—New k Times.

Product of Field and Forest

n Egypt 5,000,000 acres are cultid by over 1,000,000 landowners, of om 6,000 are Europeans, owning on average a little over 100 acres.

Agricultural workers in Germany w a total of 982 societies, with a mbership of 231,913.

n many mushroom farms the fungi grown under ground. The spores planted in long, raised beds.

The latest secret fraternity move- nt began at the Ohio State Univers- where students recently organized Delta Theta Sigma society, to stand rictly for advancement in agricul- e and extend its development."

t would take 10,500,000 acres to duce the amount of grain which land yearly imports from abroad. rea under peppermint cultivation United States is reported as follows: w York, 933 acres; Michigan, 7,375 es; Indiana, 1,000 acres, represent- a total production of about 240,- pounds of oil.

n Great Britain, out of 32,265,755 es classified in 1906 as cultivated d, 17,244,734 acres were under rmanent grass," leaving a total of y 15,022,021 acres of "arable land," y 26.7 per cent of the total land face. That is the reason Great tain is compelled to import so much dstuffs of the farm and keep them her "free of duty" list. No less an 30.7 per cent of the land is under rmanent grass;" the grass area is adily increasing, while the "arable d" is decreasing.

The cultivation of rubber trees is on increase. It is said that there are Ceylon over 100,000 acres which e been planted in rubber, and in Malay peninsula about half as ch more. It is estimated that Mex- has about 100,000 acres planted in rubber, making in all about 275,000 acres, which should produce before long about one-quarter of the world's probable consumption.

It is estimated that nearly 4,000 acres of cedar trees are cut down annually to provide the material for lead pencils.

When the last census was taken, in 1890, negro farmers in the United States owned something like 23,383 square miles of territory, an area nearly as large as Holland and Belgium combined.

The value of the maple sugar output of Canada is placed at $2,000,000, which is supposed to represent three-sevenths of the output of the world. The adulteration of foods act has measurably put a stop to the mixing of cane or beet sugar with maple, as such mixtures must be marked "adulterated" or "compound."

Of the 90,000,000 acres of fertile land in the west of Canada the government has allotted 75,280,000, and has only 14,180,000 left.

Concerning the culture of peanuts, the Indian Trade Journal says that "within the last few years this crop has, both in India and America, ceased to be as profitable as it was once," and calls attention to the complaints of the United States department of agriculture on the annual planting of nuts on the same land, the lack of proper rotation of crops, etc.

The potato is used in France in the manufacture of imitation meerschaum pipes and "marble" billiard balls. After the potatoes are peeled they are kept for 36 hours in an 8 per cent solution of sulphuric acid. They are then dried and pressed hard enough for use in making pipes. Under strong pressure they become solid enough to be turned into billiard balls.

One of the curious devices of nature for scattering seeds is seen in the balloon plant of California. The fruit is yellow and is a little larger than an egg. It has the appearance of an empty bag, but it contains a watery substance which evaporates or dries up when the fruit matures, a sort of gas taking its place. This gas is lighter than air, and the fruit flips back and forth in the wind until it finally breaks loose from its slender stem, rises into the air to a height of from 75 to 100 feet and sails away to fall in some distant spot and thus extend the growth of its kind.

In Scotland a company is now growing mushrooms in a tunnel 3,000 feet long. It was originally built by the North British railway, and is 60 feet below the streets of Edinburgh.

About 10 species of "vegetable sponges" are now cultivated in the warmer parts of Africa and Asia, especially in Algeria. The fruit is edible before maturity, but on ripening the pulp separates from the fibrous material, which then becomes an excellent substitute for real sponge for the toilet, bathroom and many other purposes. The Algerian sponges are in large demand in Paris.

The British vice-consul at Rouen reports that the cultivation in France of the new potato brought from Uruguay has been observed for some time with great interest. The variety is called "Solanum commersonali violet," and is said to possess excellence of taste as well as nutritive value, and is equal to the best table potato known in France. This variety is distinguished by its resistance to frost, as also to disease, and its one great advantage is that it prospers most in a damp and swampy soil.

A company has been formed to produce alcohol from currants in Greece.

Irrigation has probably been practiced more extensively in Australia than anywhere else on the globe. In New South Wales alone more than 2,000,000 acres have been reclaimed by the development of the ground water.

Eyes Cured

Without the Knife

ateful Patrons Tell of Almost Miracu- us Cures of Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Wild Hairs, Ulcers, Weak, Watery Eyes and All Eye Dis- eases—Send Your Name and Address with Two Cent Stamp for Free Trial Bottle.

he cures being made by this magic lotion ry day are truly remarkable. I have repeat- restored to sight persons nearly blind for

ulcers, wild hairs, granulated lids disappear ost instantly with the use of this magic tle. Weak, watery eyes are cleared in a ht and quickly restored to perfect It has repeatedly cured where all other dies and all doctors had failed. It is in- a magic remedy and I am glad to give free trial to any sufferer from sore eyes or eye trouble.

have thrown away their glasses after g it a week. Preachers, teachers, doctors, yers, engineers, students, dressmakers and who use their eyes under strain find with this lotion a safe, sure and quick relief. If have sore eyes or any eye trouble write me at once. I am in earnest in making my offer of a trial bottle of this lotion. I am glad to ish proof in many well-proven and authentic es where it has cured cataract after the doc- had said that only a dangerous and expensive ration would save the sight. If you have trouble of any kind you will make a serious ake if you do not send for my great free se of this Magic Eye Lotion. Address with description of your trouble and a two-cent stamp, H. T. Schiegel Co., 2419 Home Bank g., Peoria, Ill., and you will receive by re- mail, prepaid, a trial bottle of this magic ly that has restored many almost blind ons to sight.

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics—no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

Fugitive Slave Laws.

Will the Question Bureau give the fugitive slave law as enacted in the year 1850? I was a lad in my teens and remember the excitement it caused in southern Ohio.—W. M. B., Vinton, Ia.

The constitution of the United States contains a clause in article 4 directing the return of escaped slaves to their masters. The word "slave" is not, however, used. The first law under this provision was passed in 1793, and it provided for the return of escaped slaves and criminals. One of its provisions, imposing on magistrates of the states duties under federal statutes, led to some complications, but an attempt in 1818 failed. The compromise of 1850 provided a new and more stringent law, under which the refusal of a marshal to execute writs under the act subjected him to fine. He was also liable for the value of salves escaping from his custody. All good citizens were required to aid the marshal, and a fine, together with imprisonment, was the punishment for obstructing an arrest or attempting a rescue. Moreover, the testimony of the person claimed as slave was never to be taken. The fee of the commissioner was ten dollars if the prisoner was judged a slave, but only five dollars if he was declared free. Under this law the kidnaping of free blacks at the north became more frequent, and many cases of revolting and inhuman cruelty occurred. The north never heartily supported the law, many states passing "personal liberty" laws to counteract its effect, and the south considered this course a breach of faith. It was not until 1864 that the fugitive slave laws were repealed.

The Hall of Fame.

When were the first names of famous Americans inscribed in the Hall of Fame? Can you give the names now there? Who gave the $100,000 with which the Hall of Fame was erected?—E. B. W., Greenville, Ill.

March 5,1900, the council of New York University accepted a gift of $100,000, afterward increased to $250,000, from a donor whose name was withheld for the erection and completion on University Heights, New York city, of a building to be called "The Hall of Fame for Great Americans." A structure was accordingly built in the form of a semi-circle, 170 feet, connecting the University Hall of Philosophy with the Hall of Languages. On the ground floor is a museum 200 feet long by 40 feet wide, consisting of a corridor and six halls to contain mementoes of the names that are inscribed above. The colonnade over this is 400 feet long with provision for 150 panels, each about 2 feet by 6 feet, each to bear the name of a famous American.

Only persons who shall have been dead ten or more years are eligible to be chosen. Fifteen classes of citizens were recommended for consideration, to wit: Authors and editors, business men, educators, inventors, missionaries and explorers, philanthropists and reformers, preachers and theologians, scientists, engineers and architects, lawyers and judges, musicians, painters and sculptors, physicians and surgeons, rulers and statesmen, soldiers and sailors, distinguished men and women outside the above classes. Fifty names were to be inscribed on the tablets at the beginning, and five additional names every fifth year thereafter, until the year 2000, when the 150 inscriptions will be completed. In case of failure to fill all the panels allotted, the vacancies are to be filled in the following year.

In February, 1904, the plan was announced of an additional structure in the form of a loggia joining the colonnade on the north, having 30 panels for foreign-born Americans, six to be filled in 1905, and beyond this of a Hall of Fame for Women, about 30 by 60, with a museum on the ground floor and main story above of 28 columns supporting a pedimented roof, with places for 60 tablets, 10 to be filled in 1905.

The rules prescribed that the Council should invite nominations from the public. Every nomination seconded by a member of the university senate should be submitted to an electorate of one hundred eminent citizens selected by the council.

In October, 1900, the university senate received the ballots of the electors. Of the one hundred judges selected, ninety-seven voted. The number of names which had been submitted to them was 252. Of these each judge returned a vote for fifty. The rule required that no candidate receiving less than 51 votes could be accepted. The returns showed that but twenty-nine candidates received the required number and were chosen. These were as follows: George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin, Ulysses S. Grant, John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry W. Longfellow, Robert Fulton, Washington Irving, Jonathan Edwards, Samuel F. B. Morse, David G. Farragut, Henry Clay, Nathaniel Hawthorne, George Peabody, Robert E. Lee, Peter Cooper, Eli Whitney, John J. Audubon, Horace Mann, Henry Ward Beecher, James Kent, Joseph Story, John Adams, William E. Channing, Gilbert Stuart, Asa Gray.

In October, 1905, under the rules named above, the senate received the ballots of 95 electors out of 101 appointed, of whom only eighty-five undertook to consider the names of women. A majority of 51 was demanded, but in the case of the names of women, a majority of only 47. The following persons were found to be duly chosen: John Quincy Adams, 59; James Russell Lowell, 58; William Tecumseh Sherman, 58; James Madison, 56; John Greenleaf Whittier, 53; Alexander Hamilton, 88; Louis Agassiz, 83; John Paul Jones, 54; Mary Lyon, 58; Emma Willard, 50; Maria Mitchell, 48.

Among the names which received less than a majority vote in the 1905 election were those of Oliver Wendell Holmes, 48; Phillips Brooks, 43; Bryant, Parkman and Motley, 46 each; Poe and Cooper, 43 each; Bancroft and Greeley, 39 each; Nathaniel Green and Mark Hopkins, 38 each; Joseph Henry, 32; Rufus Choate, 31.

The hall was dedicated May 30, 1901, when twenty-five or more national associations each unveiled one of the bronze tablets in the colonnade, after the oration by Senator Chauncey M. Depew.

The McCumber Pension Law.

Will the Question Bureau please give an outline of the pension law passed about a year ago, which provided for pensioning soldiers of the civil war according to age?—J. K. G., Janesville, Ill.

You have reference to the McCumber law, which is as follows:

"Any person who served 90 days or more in the military or naval service of the United States during the late civil war, or 60 days in the war with Mexico, and who has been honorably discharged therefrom, and who has reached the age of 62 years or over, shall, upon making proof of such facts, according to such rules and regulations as the secretary of the interior may provide, be placed upon the pension roll and be entitled to receive a pension as follows:

"In case such person has reached the age of 62 years, $12 per month; 70 years, $15 per month; 75 years or over, $20 per month, and such pensions shall commence from the date of the filing of the application in the bureau of pensions after the passage and approval of this act;

"Provided, that pensioners who are 62 years of age or over, and who are now receiving pensions under existing laws, or whose claims are pending in the bureau of pensions, may, by application to the commissioner of pensions, in such form as he may prescribe, receive the benefits of this act, and nothing contained shall prevent any pensioner or person entitled to a pension from prosecuting his claim and receiving a pension under any other general or special act;

"Provided, that no person shall receive a pension under an other law at the same time and for the same period that he is receiving a pension under the provision of this act;

"Provided further, that no person who is now receiving or shall hereafter receive a greater pension under any general or special law than he would be entitled to receive under the provisions herein shall be pensionable under this act; that rank in the service shall not be considered in applications filed hereunder.

That no pension attorney, claim agent or other person shall be entitled to receive any compensation for services rendered in presenting any claim to the bureau of pensions or securing any pension under this act."

Chicago Drainage Canal.

Tell us as much as you can about the Chicago drainage canal, its purpose, cost, etc.—W. H. M., Coldwater, Mich.

September 3, 1892, earth was broken for the beginning of the Chicago drainage canal. Its purpose was to create a sanitary district, the plan being to cut a canal between the south branch of the Chicago river and the Desplaines river, with a pumping plant capable of turning the water of the south branch into the canal. Then, by connecting all the sewers with the river, it was intended to convert the drainage into the Desplaines. Funds were provided by bonds and by taxation. The bonds amount to $14,005,000. The total cost of the work has been nearly $40,000,000. The water of the lake was turned into the canal January 2, 1900. Since that date the water of the Chicago river no longer flows into Lake Michigan. Its waters now reach the Mississippi. The main channel of the canal, from river to river, is 28.5 miles long. The width on the bottom varies from 110 feet to 202 feet, and on the top from 198 feet to 290 feet. The minimum depth of water is 22 feet.

The Sandy and Beaver Canal.

Please give in the Question Bureau a history of the old Sandy & Beaver canal, date of organization of company, cost of building, length of time from beginning till completed, and how long it was used as a canal.—P. G., Clarkson, O.

The Sandy & Beaver canal extends from the Ohio river through Columbiana, Carroll, Stark and Tuscarawas counties. It was begun in 1835 and it was navigable to some extent until 1850, when it was abandoned. The aggregate loss to the stockholders was nearly two millions of dollars. Its principal use was as a feeder for mills. It is said that only one boat ever made the entire passage through it. This was by the contractors who built it, and because it was conditional upon their receiving their pay for its completion.

Galveston Sea Wall.

Please give a description of the wall at Galveston, Tex.—P. W. C., Seville, O.

The total cost of the sea-wall at Galveston, including the 150-foot right of way, cost $1,500,000. Its top is 7½ feet above the extreme high water mark of September, 1875, the highest ever known, excepting on September 8, 1900, and it is one and three-tenths feet higher than on that unprecedented occasion. It is 17,593 feet in length, and is constructed on a piling foundation driven forty-three feet in the ground, below mean low water, with a double thickness of sheet piling on the gulf side. The wall is 16 feet at the base, 10 feet high and 5 feet wide at the top, curving from the top to the base. The concrete is composed of one part of cement, three parts of sand and six parts of crushed granite. At intervals of three and one-half feet there is placed in the wall one and one-half inch square, corrugated steel reinforcing rods 10 feet long. The riprap in front of, or on the gulf side of the wall, is 27 feet wide and from three to seven feet in thickness, and is composed of granite.

John B. Gough.

Please give a sketch of the life of John B. Gough.—W. C., Oshtemo, Mich.

John B. Gough was born at Sandgate, Kent, England, August 22, 1817. He came to America in 1829 and two years later became a bookbinder in New York. Falling into dissipate he lost regular employment and was reduced to giving recitations and singing comic songs at low grog shops. In 1842 he was induced to attend a temperance meeting and take the pledge, and he then made up his mind not only to reform, but to influence others to do likewise. Save for a short relapse, a few months later, his pledge was kept, and ere long, as a temperance lecturer, he became one of the most popular speakers in America and England. In later life he handled literary and social topics, as well as temperance themes in his lectures. He died at Frankford, Pa., February 18, 1886.

Brigham Young.

Will the Question Bureau kindly give all the information it can concerning the life of Brigham Young, number of wives, etc.?—S. M. K., Bergholz, O.

Brigham Young was born in Vermont in 1801. He learned the trade of painter and glazier and worked at this occupation in Mendon, N. Y. Early in life he joined the Baptists, but in 1831 was converted to Mormonism and joined the sect at Kirtland, O., in 1832. In 1835 he was ordained an elder and sent forth as one of the twelve apostles, the New England states being the district assigned him. On the death of Joseph Smith, in 1844, he was unanimously chosen president and prophet, though he had three competitors for the office. On the forcible expulsion of the sect from Nauvoo, Ill., in 1846, Young led them through toils and dangers over the plains and tablelands to the valley in the heart of the Rocky mountains, where, in 1847, he founded the present Salt Lake City. His immediate followers forming a nucleus, others poured into the "Promised Land," and in 1849 an attempt was made to organize a state, to be called the state of Deseret, that being the official name given by the Mormons to the district. The United States government refused to sanction the new state, but Utah was organized as a territory and Young appointed governor by President Fillmore. The appointment of a "Gentile" governor in 1854 led to serious troubles, as Young and the other Mormons refused to recognize his authority, and it was not till a force of 2,500 troops was sent out in 1857 that the United States government could enforce its authority. Young was the founder of polygamy as an institution and among the first to practice it. In 1852 he promulgated the "celestial law of marriage," which he declared to have been revealed to Joseph Smith nine years before. A large party, among whom were Smith's wife and seven of the children, opposed the innovation and declared the revelation to be a forgery, but Young's strong influence carried the day. He himself had from fifteen to nineteen actual wives, besides numerous spiritual wives, who were formally "sealed" to him. He was twice indicted for polygamy, but each time the case fell through. His nineteenth wife, Ann Eliza Young, sued for a divorce in 1875.

The Mountain Meadow massacre of 1858 was brought to the notice of the law in 1875. In a company of 136 emigrants, which had come into collision with the Mormon settlers, was practically exterminated, only a few children being allowed to escape. The court exonerated Young from complicity in the affair, but Bishop Lee, a leading Mormon, was condemned to death in March, 1876, and shot in March, 1877, on the scene of the massacre.

David Copperfield.

Will you kindly print a short synopsis of the novel entitled David Copperfield?—G. B. T., Bethesda, O.

David Copperfield is a novel by Charles Dickens, which was that author's favorite among his works, and was partly autobiographical in character. The hero's career is given from the day of his birth. At the age of 10 he runs away from home, having been forced by a harsh stepfather to undertake rough daily work. He is adopted by his aunt, Miss Betsy Trotwood, an eccentric but kindly woman, and finally he becomes an author. After the death of his "child wife," Dora Spenlow, he marries Agnes Wickfield, an almost ideal character.

Miscellaneous.

F. W. G., Port Royal, Pa.: There is no such thing as hoop-snake; it is a myth. However, there are lots of hoop-snake stories.

R. D. J., Cove, Ore.: A deserter from the United States army may be apprehended and punished any time during his lifetime. He is never free until after he has been arrested and punished. The penalty is dishonorable discharge and five years' hard labor.

C. A. W., Risford, Pa.: There is no "unwritten law." That which is so called is a sentiment favorable to a man who committed murder under circumstances which would seem, sentimentally, justifiable.

H. S., Waggy, W. Va.: Yes, the Atlantic cable and all other submarine cables are insulated. Without insulation they would be useless, for the reason that water is a good conductor of electricity.

W. E. S., Plymouth, Ind.: According to the census of 1900 there are 85,986 Japanese in the United States.

J. W., Lebanon, S. Dak.: We cannot tell you when and where the first homestead was taken. The present homestead law was signed by President Lincoln, May 20, 1862.

L. J. S., Surprise, Neb.: A wife has the same interest in property acquired by homesteading as she would have in property purchased or otherwise legitimately acquired by her husband.

F. B., Marion, Mich.: January 1, 1906, the total railway mileage in the United States was 285,057. In the world the total mileage was 562,780. The cost of roads and equipment in the United States was placed at $15,800,000,000. The cost of building and equipping a mile of road in the United States is placed at $76,000.

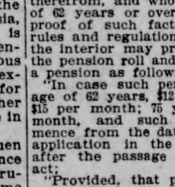
R. F. G., Savana, Ill.: We cannot give you the history you desire.

U. B. V., Payson, Utah: Vermont was admitted into the union March 4, 1791.

E. D. A., Oshkosh, Wis.: If you will refer to the Question Bureau of a few weeks ago, you will find an article on the Yellowstone Park.

E. H. W., Marshall, Okla.: California has a state soldiers' home, located at Yountville.

DEAFNESS CURED By New Discovery



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THE PARLOR BOARDER

By Elizabeth Ayres

Something too exciting for words has happened, and I am going to write it down so that, in future years, I can make it into a novel. I've fully decided upon my future. I'm going to be a writer. I have already dashed off a few short stories in the white heat of inspiration, but they were mere nothings compared with what I intend to do, though my English literature teacher said they were quite surprising. I'm not one bit conceited, but I really think they were, especially as I am only a budding genius, sixteen years old. My literature teacher advises me not to write while I have so many studies and so little experience with the world, but little she knows! I have been through a great deal.

She didn't say so, but I know she meant the brain of a genius is very delicate and should not be overworked while young, so I have decided not to write any more, unless I can't help it, until I have finished school; then I shall retire from the world and devote my life entirely to literature.

I've told all the girls that such is my intention. I've asked them not to speak of it, as it is a dead secret, and I do not wish to have my affairs talked over. I think they respect my request.

What I am going to write down so I can have it for the plot of a novel is about Miss Phelps, our parlor boarder. The first time I set eyes on her I knew she'd be splendid material for a story. Material is what writers call everything and everybody they think they can make into a story. As I mentioned before, I knew Miss Phelps was material.

We called her the parlor boarder, because she had a room to herself and could do as she pleased without asking permission. She was ages older than any of us. She must have been twenty-two or three at the least, and she wore the most gorgeous clothes you ever heard of. I don't know why she came to stay at the seminary, but she descended upon us like a bolt from the blue. We girls decided she had a secret sorrow, or, maybe, she'd been disappointed in love, and was seeking retirement.

She was perfectly lovely to us, but she was so much older and everything, that she seemed like a star to be worshiped from afar.

Sometimes when I'm writing I make poetry without knowing it, just as I did now with "star" and "afar." It may be I'm destined to be a poetess! Who can tell?

But to resume the thread of my narrative, as we writers say. Miss Phelps was simply fascinating. I felt from the first that she had known trouble, though she hid it with a smiling face and the most stylish clothes. I presumed her pride was too great to let her woe be seen. I hoped some day she'd tell me ALL. Little she knew what a sympathetic listener was to be had in my quiet, unassuming self! You have to be like that when you're studying character. If people find it out they won't let you. They don't like to be put in stories unless you make them perfectly lovely. I discovered that, one time when I wrote a story about a girl who used to be my dearest friend. I described her just as she was, and read her the story. She was awful mad. It was then I decided you can't write about people as they are. You have to make 'em like they want to be.

We had a new music teacher the fall Miss Phelps came into our midst. I don't know how they ever happened to engage a man music teacher that was so perfectly grand, and wasn't as old as the everlasting hills. I said right away he was the most distinguished personality I had ever met. He had grand eyes. They were large, limpid orbs, in whose depths lay a world of meaning. I'm going to remember that sentence to use in my novel.

Every girl in school was simply crazy to take lessons of him, but the list of girls who wanted to take music was made out before any of us saw or knew anything about Mr. Ambrose. His class would have been much larger if we had seen him first. I was sorry that I had not remembered in time that music and literature are sister arts that go hand in hand. As it turned out, Mr. Ambrose was just as polite to the girls who did not take lessons as he was to those who did. We made a sort of joke about it among ourselves. Some of us were "did nots," and some were "dids." Whichever we were he was always polite, but distant, and awfully fascinating.

The day he came to the school us "did nots" nearly always happened to be in the hall he went through to reach the music room. One day Miss Phelps was there. She sort of started back when she saw him, and then she walked on with stately tread. She bowed haughtily, and he stood as if rooted in his tracks until she passed. At once I scented a mystery, like they do in detective stories.

"Girls," I said in a piercing whisper, when Mr. Ambrose had gone in and Miss Phelps had gone out, "they have met before!"

It was even so. Coming events were beginning to cast their shadows.

Friday evening was visitors' night and we girls put on our best clothes and sat up until ten o'clock. We were allowed to receive our callers in the reception room, if we had anybody to come to call. Miss Phelps always had visitors Friday evening. She had one caller who brought roses and a box of chocolates every time he came. He sent them into the sitting room, where we girls sat, unless we had calls, by the maid who opened the door and put him in the reception room. It was real exciting to have the roses and chocolates come, because it looked like Miss Phelps was engaged or expected to be. You know how interesting it is to have a romance in your midst, even if it isn't yours. You get sort of excited, especially if chocolates go with it and you have some.

After I saw Miss Phelps and Mr. Ambrose meet and act mysterious, I decided the chocolate man was a rich suitor her parents wanted her to marry, while Mr. Ambrose was the poor but worthy young man who had won her heart but dare not aspire to her hand.

I thought all this out myself without saying hardly a word to the girls. My sympathies were with Mr. Ambrose on account of his limpid orbs and I decided if he wanted to elope, I'd help, if he asked me. After this, when Miss Phelps passed the chocolates, I always said, "No, I thank you," and looked at her with a meaning glance. She said, "what's the trouble, girlie, don't you feel well?" It is hard to be misunderstood.

Time passed. Once when I had the opportunity I whispered to Mr. Ambrose, "I know all. Trust in me."

I slipped away before he had a chance to reply, not wishing to be discovered by hostile eyes.

Then, all of a sudden, the plot thickened. Mr. Ambrose came to call on Miss Phelps. When the maid brought in his card, Miss Phelps blushed all over her face. I happened to be near enough to see the name on the card. She waited a few moments before she went into the reception room. We girls were all agog! After she had gone, I gave the girls a significant glance. We were too excited for words and someone giggled. One of the "Dids" said, "Pooh, what does that amount to?"

We "Did Nots" well knew why she spoke thus. Poor child.

But to hasten. It was early spring when the Event occurred. It just about upset the whole school when Mr. Ambrose and Miss Phelps were married one evening, in the gloaming and the reception room. We did not know it was going to happen until late in the afternoon of the wedding day, when we were told there would be no study hour that evening. Instead, we were to don our wedding garments. When they knew who the bridegroom was, some of the "Dids" cried, and they had to be wedding guests with red noses.

I shall never forget how handsome and happy Mr. Ambrose looked, and Miss Phelps was a perfectly lovely bride in white lace over white satin. The happy couple departed on their wedding journey immediately after the ceremony.

Of course there was a story about it and it was almost as I thought, except it was some different. Miss Phelps had no parents and was an awful belle in society. The way she happened to come to the school was because she was tired out and wanted to be in some calm place for a few months. One of our teachers, the English literature one, was her aunt, so she came to be with her for a while, never expecting to see Mr. Ambrose, from whom she thought she was parted forever.

How strange is fate! It was e'en as I thought with him. He was but a poor professor of music and would not ask the hand of a wealthy heiress, until an opera he had written began to make him rich and famous. Then he proposed and they were married. I felt sorry for the "Dids," they took it hard, and the next music teacher was not like Mr. Ambrose.

When I write this into a novel, the title will be, Parted by Poverty, or Fate's Fickleness. I don't know what became of the roses and chocolate man, but I'm going to make him the villain.

THE BARD ON VENICE.

Horatio Brown, in his recently published "Studies in Venetian History," (Dutton), has a deeply interesting chapter entitled "Shakespeare and Venice." He remarks that it is singular that, in the midst of so attractive study and examination of Shakespeare's work from every point of view, scholars have seldom touched upon the question of the poet's local knowledge of Venice.

Apart from Rome, to which the dramatist is said to make nearly 400 references, Mr. Brown states that Venice leads all other Italian cities with its 51 allusions in Shakespeare's plays. He devotes himself to close scrutiny of two plays specially, The Merchant of Venice and Othello, and comes to the conclusion that the scattered allusions prove an intimacy with Venice surprising in a man who probably never was out of England.

However, Mr. Brown adds: "It is not to be supposed that Shakespeare gave any special thought or study to Venice or the Venetians; the knowledge which he possessed was picked up in the course of daily life by his attentive ear and stored up in his memory; it was quickened and made living by his poet's imagination until it grew sufficient to allow him to picture correctly the pomp and splendor of the Venetian state; the sprightliness and tenderness of Venetian women; the gaiety of the young Venetian noble; the deep, persistent hatred of the Venetian Jew; the devilish cuning of Venetian Iago, with enough local color in the Rialto, the gondola, the ferryboat from Padua, the doge in court, the senate in council, to make us feel that though he 'was never out of England, it's as if he saw it all.'"

WHAT HE WANTED.

Congressman J. Hampton Moore's book, entitled "With Speaker Cannon Through the Tropics," tells that the vessel on which the voyage was made was prevented from landing its distinguished passengers at Colon on the day of arrival because of a technical violation of the quarantine law of the Isthmus of Panama. Finally the order was issued permitting the vessel to come up to the dock.

A pilot on shore was wigwagging signals to the pilot on the "Congressional junketeer" when Speaker Cannon caught sight of the strange performance. He was standing on the deck with Representative Moore at the time, and this question was addressed to the author Congressman: "What is ——— doing that ——— fool want?"

"I suppose," was Mr. Moore's answer, "he is a member of the Panama Congress and he is trying to catch your eyes. He probably wants recognition."

ROOSEVELT AND LINCOLN

Des Moines Register and Leader.

The most effective statement of the argument against Rooseveltism is contained in such paragraphs as this from the New York Globe:

To the clergymen who called on him early in the war and urged him immediately to issue an emancipation proclamation, assuring him that if he did they would pray the Lord of Hosts to fight on the side of the Union armies, Lincoln, with entire reverence, replied that he would welcome their prayers, but that he also wanted the aid of Kentucky and the border slave states. The loud ethical experts of the times denounced his delay in proclaiming freedom as a compromise with unrighteousness, and declared that the only treatment of unrighteousness was to reach for the scruff of its neck. Nevertheless, it is the opinion of most historians that if Lincoln had not waited it is probable that the union would not have been saved and slavery suppressed. Another great effort is being made in behalf of righteousness. But to win this new battle it may be necessary to have the aid of another Kentucky—namely, that body of citizens who have a great prejudice against losing their jobs. These citizens may be ethically unillumined, may be controlled by an altogether reprehensible liking for fleshpots; yet in a democratic country they are an element to be considered. Lincoln is claimed for every current cause, but with more than ordinary confidence it may be asserted that, if living, he would hardly advocate the use of drastic methods to bigstick malefactors into subservience if there was any reason for apprehending that these methods unnecessarily made empty larders. Whatever he was, Lincoln was no ranchero ready to stampede the herd rather than give over a plan to lasso a few steers that had been misbehaving.

The difficulty with this parallel is that it takes Lincoln at one period of his career and Roosevelt at another. Lincoln at the time of his debates with Douglas was regarded as more dangerously radical than Roosevelt has ever been. Lincoln was nominated at Chicago over Seward for exactly the same reason that a Roosevelt man will be nominated over Cannon and Fairbanks at Chicago in June. Lincoln was aggressively against concessions to southern sentiment. He was even willing to stampede the herd if necessary in order to reach a few steers that needed roping.

Lincoln became conservative in method just as his supporters became radical. In not the same degree, perh

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1908.

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There are times when congress earns its salary by not doing anything.

The wild birds that sing the sweetest always hide themselves in the bushes.

The man who can afford to own a $5,000 dog can also afford to lose him.

It wasn't necessary to touch a button in order to put the Taft boom in operation.

One year from now we shall probably know what sort of a cabinet Taft has selected.

When we get universal suffrage, will every married man have his own political boss?

Any noise you may hear coming from the direction of Washington isn't Senator Dick.

We have but to watch Taft to become convinced that the favorite son do move.

Hope is not alone a blessing to individuals, but it keeps political parties together.

What congress has done this session wouldn't make a book as large as an almanac.

Just as soon as some people fall in love they begin to imagine they can write poetry.

Technicalities are for the purpose of getting men out of jail, not for getting them in.

A doctor says that tired feeling so many get is hereditary. Then, so is the fishing fever.

Being tied down in the presidential chair will seem rather confining to a traveler like Taft.

The anarchists in this country should be told to close the door from the outside, please.

"Dr. Wendel declares that men are more beautiful than women." Doctor, you make us blush.

Some of the weather we are having in March is good enough to lay away for future reference.

Secretary Taft's old school teacher has been interviewed. Look out for some startling stories.

Nearly every winter the grip kills the last Daughter of the Revolution and the oldest Mason.

We never expected that March would be as sweet and pretty as a gentle maiden's blush.

No woman would ever agree to the proposition of not saying anything until she had something to say.

Kansas Republicans want a Kansas man nominated for vice president, but they don't explain why.

Postoffice receipts and marriage licenses should indicate how much prosperity there is in the country.

One Democrat intimates that all Bryan can beat is a drum. But Bryan admits that he has no ear for music.

Now a commission of noblemen in England is to determine what whisky is. But will they live to tell the story?

Governor Hughes seems to be gaining some, but not enough to make the people crazy with excitement over the race.

Caleb Powers wants to get out of prison so that he can get into congress. That is certainly not an unworthy ambition.

President Roosevelt knew better than to write a message containing thirty thousand words to the mothers' congress.

An elephant was born last week in Connecticut, but no mention was made of its weight, as is the case with twelve-pound babies.

Alton B. Parker thinks President Roosevelt a menace. He was a menace to Parker's political hopes and ambitions, all right.

With machine guns that are guaranteed to fire 2,000,000 bullets a minute, war would be worse than General Sherman said it was.

It must have taken no little amount of courage on the part of Mrs. Harry K. Thaw to admit that her husband was crazy when he married her.

The postmaster at Iola, Kan., reports that more than 200,000 postal cards passed through his office last year. What did they say?

Should one or two European monarchs get killed by accident it would very likely make the anarchists feel that they had neglected their duty.

There is an end to the anti-cat crusade in Washington, D. C. Speaker Cannon must have been opposed to it on the let-well-enough-alone theory.

William Allen White says that Kansas always seems to him a state of mind—instead of a geographical location. Some people have regarded Kansas as a nervous disease.

It is reported that a St. Louis clergyman is working hard to prove that the story of Jonah and the whale is not true. But if he succeeds, what good will it do him? The man who spoils a good story is running the risk of getting himself disliked.

TAFT'S GREAT STRENGTH.

The results in the several states that have selected some or all of the delegates to the Republican national convention indicate an easy victory for Secretary Taft.

Up to the present time delegates have been named in whole or in part from sixteen states, a total of 184. Of these 132 are instructed for Taft, 28 for Fairbanks, four for Cannon, two for Hughes and 18 uninstructed. There are no contests as to 118 of the Taft delegates, while the friends of the secretary are contesting ten of the uninstructed delegates, so it may be fairly claimed that the estimate of 132 represents the secretary's strength among the delegates so far selected.

The manner in which this vote is divided shows that the demand for Mr. Taft is not confined to any section. Of the sixteen states already on the delegate list, Mr. Taft has votes from ten, and of the six in which he is not represented five are southern states, and one, Indiana, has instructed for Fairbanks, although, as everyone knows, Mr. Taft will get a considerable vote from Indiana when the break comes.

In the face of Mr. Taft's popularity, favorite sons are finding it no easy matter to hold their states solid. There is a very strong movement in Wisconsin to break La Follette's slate in several districts, and many Illinois Republicans are chafing to upset the Cannon program by espousing the cause of Taft. But the secretary is not disposed to change his views as expressed when some of his New York friends asked for permission to contest Governor Hughes' territory. He is looking further ahead than the June convention. He regards it as bad politics to invade the states of those who are avowed candidates and he will listen to no exception. Under those circumstances the favorite son rule will doubtless prevail, but that won't prevent Mr. Taft being a very strong second choice in most of these states. Thus he will go into convention not only as leader on the first ballot by a very large margin, but probably with more second choice delegates among those who may vote for other candidates, than any of his opponents. As politics go there is but one conclusion to draw. Mr. Taft will be so strong that no sort of combination can hope to take the nomination away from him.

A POLITICAL WRECKER.

Politicians are "up in the air" over the mysterious program of the Independence League, the personal political organization of William Randolph Hearst. Rumors that the league would support Roosevelt, or Johnson, or Bryan led the editor of a Hearst newspaper to divulge this much of the league's intentions, namely, that it would support none of the men named, but would have a candidate of its own and would conduct a campaign that would compel the old parties to sit up and take notice.

Bryan Democrats have already taken alarm and are speculating as to the probable influence the league will have on the election. Unquestionably, with a candidate in the field, the league would draw more largely from the Democrats than from the Republicans and the very character of the Hearst following would indicate that he will attract men who would otherwise vote for Bryan. This would amount to a serious defection in the very northern states that Bryan must carry to be elected. Suppose, for illustration, Mr. Hearst himself should run as the league's candidate he would poll a vote in New York state so large that it is a question if Bryan would run better than third. And if the Nebraskan cannot carry New York it is useless to consider any other northern state as being in the doubtful column.

Apparently it is the opinion of the league's leaders that there is no chance of Mr. Bryan's election and that with his defeat this year the Democratic party will be hopelessly foundered.

In that case, the league will be on hand to gather up the wreckage and invite the discouraged Democrats to enlist under its banner, with a view to measuring strength with the Republican party in the national campaign of 1912.

BIRMINGHAM'S RECORD.

Birmingham, Alabama, a city of 50,000 population, voted out the saloons the last day of last year. The records of the police court for December, 1907, with open saloons, and that of January, 1908, without the saloons, make interesting figures for comparison.

In December, 1907, there were 1,814 arrests.

In January, 1908, the number of arrests was 554.

In December, with saloons running wide open, there were 246 arrests for drunkenness.

In January, 1908, with saloons closed, the arrests for drunkenness numbered 37.

In commenting on the change Judge Feagin, of the police court, says:

The results from the prohibition laws are marvelous, both for the promotion of peace and moral uplift. We have witnessed almost a revolution. But for the extra efforts of the police for the arrest of gamblers and blind tigers, the arrests would not number one-third the figure for the same month in any other year.

PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

Since the terrible Collinwood catastrophe testimony is piling up to show that the deplorable conditions existing in that ill-fated school building prevail in many communities and that little or no effort has been made to improve them. But the frightful sacrifice of young lives has stirred the authorities to action, and, goaded by public sentiment, they are now strenuously seeking to remove the defects and minimize the dangers from fires.

Richard L. Humphrey, engineer in charge of the structural materials laboratories of the government, declares it is providential that more of these holocausts have not occurred. He says the conditions existing in the Collinwood school building are common to many public buildings throughout the country and the first essential is to pass laws prohibiting the erection of structures except of the highest fire-resisting type. Drills in public schools are all right in their way, to teach self-control, but are quite useless in a great emergency. And the mere enactment of preventive laws is of no avail unless the people demand their enforcement.

In the matter of schools, theatres and other public institutions, it would seem to be important that the structures be limited in height, and Superintendent Van Cleve, of the Toledo schools, has seriously advanced the proposition that no building for school purposes should have more than two stories. Such a school, built of fire-resisting material with numerous broad exits and ample stairways, would afford the protection that every community should give its children. Nor should the expense which so radical a change in school construction entails be considered for a moment.

Better to spend millions on our school buildings and make them safe, than to save money by the construction of charnel houses. It is poor consolation to the taxpayer that he has economized at the sacrifice of his own flesh and blood.

ABOLISH THE GRAND JURY.

Citizens of Wisconsin are reported as being well pleased with the operation of the law abolishing the grand jury system. Under the new law information can be laid before the prosecuting attorney who gives the accused a chance to be heard, and if the facts seem to warrant further proceedings, a preliminary hearing is held before a competent court.

The meritorious feature of the system is that it does away with the ex parte methods which are characteristic of grand jury investigation. To brand a man as a suspected criminal by means of an indictment, without permitting him to make a defense, is unjust and harmful.

It may be contended that the Wisconsin law lodges too much power in one man, the prosecutor, who, if he be a venal man, might defeat justice and permit rogues to escape punishment. But this criticism is not sound. For even under our grand jury system, the prosecutor possesses extraordinary influence. He conducts the examination of witnesses, and in most cases the jury acts on his recommendations. If he were unfaithful to his trust or in league with evil doers, he could make a farce of the hearing, or, failing in that, could draw defective indictments or afterward be so indifferent in his prosecution of the accused as to insure an acquittal.

But nearly every community can cite examples where grave injustice has been worked through ex parte hearings before grand juries, and the marvel is that the people have so long endured the institution. Sentiment against it has grown rapidly during the last few years, and the experience of Wisconsin should hasten the day when the grand jury will be discarded by every state in the Union.

THE MOTHER AND THE NATION.

The new rating given woman by President Roosevelt should be a valuable aid in her campaign for suffrage.

Speaking to the delegates of the National Women's Congress, the President said: "This is the one body that I put even ahead of the veterans of the civil war, because when all is said, it is the mother only who is a better citizen than the soldier who fights for his country." And again: "The mother is the one supreme asset of national life; she is more important by far than the successful statesman or business man or artist or scientist."

Now, then, armed with these credentials from the first citizen of the nation, American mothers should have no difficulty, if they act with any considerable degree of unanimity, in securing the full rights of citizenship. There isn't an honest man in Uncle Sam's dominions who won't indorse every word that the President has uttered in praise of the mother. Why, then, shouldn't she, if she desires, have a direct share in the affairs of government? And this suggests a possible solution of the race suicide problem.

NEBRASKA DEMOCRATS.

It is natural to suppose that Mr. Bryan had much to do with the framing of the platform adopted by the Nebraska Democrats in their recent convention, and that it contains, therefore, the essentials of what he believes should be incorporated in the national platform.

According to the Nebraska pronouncement, the eliminating of special privileges is the overshadowing issue, but there is an admission that some potent influence has caused an awakening in this direction among the people. The inference is that President Roosevelt has stolen this principle of Jeffersonian Democracy and is making some effort to apply it, but there can be no genuine, permanent reform until the government has been turned over to the control of Mr. Bryan and his friends. Just why the people should renounce a party that is making progress toward the goal desired and take up with a new administration composed of men who have done little else than talk reform, is a question that is not discussed in the platform.

"Experiments in imperialism" are condemned, and a demand is made that the nation at once declare its purpose to recognize the independence of the Philippines and as soon as a stable government can be established, "such independence to be guaranteed by us as we guard the independence of Cuba, until the neutralization of the islands can be secured by treaty with other powers." Of course this is generalizing for effect merely. This nation is already pledged to the independence of the Philippines and is educating the islanders so that they can establish a stable government, but the program is necessarily slow, and in the opinion of the most competent judge, ex-Governor Taft, it will take years, perhaps a generation, before the Philippines will be ready for self-government.

The demand for an enlargement of the powers of national and state railway commissions is an echo. The Republican party is committed to the policy of national and state supervision of railways, and President Roosevelt, in his messages to congress, has urged the importance of clothing the interstate commerce commission with more definite authority. So great a revolution cannot be accomplished in a day. We must feel our way carefully and learn from experience how far the government can go in the matter of railway supervision with benefit to the people and without harm to the transportation lines of the country. Obviously, it is safer to entrust this task, so well begun, to the party that inaugurated it rather than to those who have never passed beyond the realms of theory.

On the question of the tariff and other questions the platform contains little that promises to furnish the basis for controversy. Even in the currency matter, while indicting the Republican party for its inability or unwillingness to furnish relief, the platform offers no remedy except to express disapproval of both the Aldrich and Fowler bills.

Assuming that the voice from Nebraska is a voice from Bryan that will be carried even to the altitude of Denver, it is the apparent purpose to "speak softly" this year in the hope of catching the enemy asleep. And Mr. Bryan himself, talking to the delegates in the evening following the adoption of the resolutions, expressed this hope as one born of present conditions. "The Democratic party," he said, "is united, while the Republican party is divided, and the reunion of the Democratic party is due to the same causes that have brought division in the Republican ranks.

"As the Republicans used one faction of the Democratic party to defeat it in 1896, we shall return the compliment this year and use one part of the Republican party to defeat the other, for it is so hopelessly divided that it can not be trusted to do anything at present."

Which is what Bryan hopes will be the case, not what he believes to be a fact. For admitting there are differences of opinion, and honest differences, among Republicans, these differences are not so irreconcilable that those who do not prevail in the national convention will feel it incumbent on them as patriotic citizens to trail after Mr. Bryan and the makeshifts he has substituted for his old-time heresies.

DRIVE OUT THE ANARCHISTS.

In the desire to protect this nation's traditional reputation as the land of liberty, the American people have erred on the other side. For years little or no restraint was placed on immigration, and it is only in recent years that we have found it necessary to exercise some sort of supervision over this feature of our development. The evil results of this unchecked inflow are all too apparent to need elaboration.

Lest any effort to curb agitation might be construed as an act of tyranny in discord with our sacred institutions, of which free speech is one, we have permitted people from other countries to come in here and sow the seeds of anarchy and discontent. When McKinley was assassinated the people began to murmur at a condition that permitted such conscienceless murderers as Czolgosz to dwell in their midst. That crime should have shown us the folly of overtolerance. Yet the agitation against anarchy was comparatively short-lived, and very soon thereafter the Emma Goldmans and the Berkmanns were again making public appeals for active resistance to the established order.

Now the problem is again pressed home to us by the brutal murder of the Denver priest and the attempted assassination of Chicago's chief of police. The government has taken the initiative in a program that has for its purpose the deportation of known anarchists who are here contrary to law, and police authorities in every section of the country are exercising an extraordinary degree of activity. How long this campaign will last is a question. Usually during such periods, anarchist leaders go into temporary retirement, coming out only after the agitation has subsided. If history repeats itself in the present instance, the reform will not be effectual, and public indignation will gradually subside, to burst forth again only when the country is shocked with another terrible crime.

There is only one way to kill anarchy in this country, and that is to drive out the anarchists. Every man who advocates violence against the government is spreading the principles of anarchy, and should be promptly arrested. If to suppress murder incitation is an assault on our much vaunted liberties, then it is time those liberties were placed under a sane measure of restraint.

TO CIRCLE THE GLOBE.

With the completion of the 15,000-mile cruise of Admiral Evans' magnificent fleet, the administration has made public the remaining features of the program. It embraces a visit of the fleet to Hawaii, thence to the Philippines, where there will be another season of target practice, thence to Australia, and finally a return home via the Suez canal. Manifestly it will be many months before the fleet will again make its appearance on the Atlantic coast.

Ever since Secretary Taft in his Philadelphia speech referred to the importance of giving the oriental eye a demonstration, it has been generally accepted as settled that the fleet would go to the Philippines. This may involve a trip to Japan, for it is certain that with the fleet in Asiatic waters, that country will renew its hospitable invitation, tentatively given when the cruise was first projected, and it is difficult to see how the administration can decline without seeming to offend. And China, too, mindful of our recent demonstrations of friendship when we remitted a very large part of the indemnity awarded as a result of the Boxer trouble, will more than likely put in a request for an opportunity to show its appreciation in a welcome to the American warships. Thus, as far as ocular demonstration is concerned, there will be no lack of it.

But, for a few weeks, interest will center at Magdalena Bay, where the fleet is now anchored, and where the jackies will be put through a course of practice. It is a matter on which the nation can congratulate itself that the remarkable trip along the coast of South America and through the perilous straits was accompanied without serious accident, and that the ships arrived at their destination, as Admiral Evans reports, in better condition than when they steamed out of Hampton Roads. And it will be cause for further congratulation if the rest of the itinerary is completed under as favorable auspices.

THE ANTI-TRUST LAW.

Information from the White House relative to a recent conference of prominent citizens called to discuss with the president certain features of the Sherman anti-trust law is of special interest.

According to the reports of this conference, the president believed that the law should be amended in several important particulars and desired to get a variety of opinions on the subject. Thus the conferees included President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, and Banker Stetson, of J. P. Morgan & Co., men who naturally would be supposed to hold divergent views respecting certain features of the measure.

It is understood that in its proposed new dress the law will be stripped of limitations that now make it oppressive both to labor and capital.

In its amended form, labor unions are to be excepted from its operations, and combinations of railroads and pooling agreements are to be permitted under certain restrictions. Complaint is frequent that the law as it now applies stands in the way of commercial expansion and does more harm than good.

Another important change contemplated is that before the government can begin prosecutions under the law, it must first notify offenders and give them an opportunity to correct their irregularities.

But in return for this concession, corporations must furnish information concerning their contracts, agreements and combinations to the commissioner of commerce.

As will be seen the amendments are radical and the effect of their enactment will be far-reaching. Some of them will appeal strongly to the commercial interests of the country, and others to the laboring interests. If by mutual concessions these interests can unite on a law that will be fair to both, and oppressive to neither the result will be one of the administration's greatest achievements.

THE PRESIDENT SUSTAINED.

Eight members of the senate committee charged with the duty of investigating the Brownsville affair—four Republicans and four Democrats—have reported that the evidence convinces them of the guilt of members of the three companies discharged by the President without honor. Five Republican members of the committee regard the testimony insufficient to show guilt, while two out of the five—Senators Foraker and Bulkeley—in a supplemental minority report, told that the evidence proves the innocence of the accused soldiers, both as to the "shooting up" of Brownsville and as to the alleged "conspiracy of silence."

According to strict construction, therefore, the committee sustains the action of the President, who has modified his order by recommending that congress extend the time by a year within which any of the discharged soldiers may apply for reinstatement by proving that they had no connection with or knowledge of the affair.

But the incident is not yet closed, for Senator Foraker has announced his intention of discussing the minority report, at which time it is expected that he will review the testimony and make an elaborate argument in support of his position. We doubt, however, if he hopes to convince the majority of the senate that the colored troops had no part in the raid on Brownsville.

"COME ON IN, THE WATER'S FINE!" —Atlanta Journal.

A LONDON TIMES CANARD.

That there is a remarkably strong anti-German feeling in England is shown by the hullabaloo raised over the London Times' latest political story. In effect it was that Emperor William had written a letter to Lord Tweedmouth, first lord of the admiralty, in a manner to indicate that he hoped to influence England's naval policy. This story was received with so much credibility that it was made the subject of inquiry in both branches of parliament.

It developed that the emperor had written a personal letter to Lord Tweedmouth who had replied in kind, but it was denied that there was anything in the kingly epistle to which exceptions could be taken, even by those afflicted with Germanphobia. On the contrary it was inferred that Emperor William had given further evidence of his desire to strengthen friendly relations between his country and England.

The explanation calmed the fears of the lords and the commoners but it is difficult for the laity to accept the alternative that the newspaper which in the past has sustained an almost unbroken record for reliability, has been guilty of romancing.

REASONS FOR GRATITUDE.

The people who live in the Scottish Highlands deem their climate the best in the world, although other people find fault with its high winds, cold rains and chilly days. In "Memories" Major-General Sir O. T. Burne tells of a minister in one of the Highland churches who wished his people to realize how much they had to be grateful for.

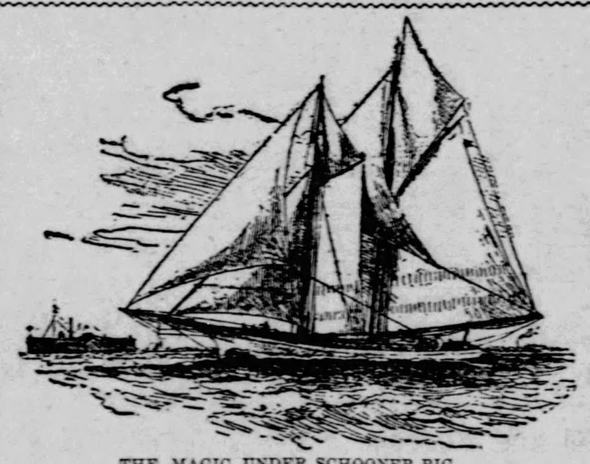
"What causes have we for gratitude! Look at the place of our habitation! How grateful should we be that we do not leeve in the far north, amid the frost and the snow, the cold and the wet, where there's a lang day to half of the year, and a lang nicht to the tither, and we should go shivering aboot in skins.

"And how grateful should we be that we do not leeve in the far south, beneath the equawtor, the sun burning, the sky hot, and the earth hot and the waters hot, and ye're burn black as a smoddy! Where there are teegers and lions and crocodiles, and fearsome beasts growling and grinning at ye among the woods—that we do not leeve in such places!

"But we should be grateful that we do leeve in this blessit island of ours, called Great Britin, and in that pairt of it named Scotland, and in that bit of auld Scotland that looks up to Ben Nevis, where there's neither frost nor cold, nor wind, nor wet, nor hail, nor rain, nor teegers, nor lions, nor burning suns, nor hurricanes, nor—" Here a tremendous blast of wind and rain from Ben Nevis blew in the windows of the kirk, and brought the preacher's eloquence to an abrupt conclusion.

AMERICA'S FIRST CUP DEFENDER

Famous Yacht Magic Has Ended Her Long Career.



THE MAGIC UNDER SCHOONER RIG.

A few days ago a news paragraph told of the loss of the famous old schooner yacht Magic off Key West, Florida.

The dear old boat, "made in Philadelphia," had been used there as a pilot boat, and, while racing into port in a half gale with the Ibis, a pet local craft, she capsized and went down to the marine scrap-heap in very deep wter.

No American yacht, with the exception of the America, had a more thrilling racing history—none was ever owned by so many representative yachtsmen, and hers was the proud honor of having been the first successful defender of the America's cup.

She was built in 1857 by Captain R. F. Loper, the inventor of the Loper propeller, whose extensive steamboat and shipping interests were managed from his headquarters in Delaware avenue below Walnut street. Shortly after her launch I sketched her as she lay in dock somewhere above "Browning's Ferry," (Poplar street). She was then the sloop America, and as a single-sticker her career was a very brief one, for she was soon lengthened and her rig changed to that of a schooner and her name to Madgie, when Captain Loper gave me an order to lithograph her, my business then being that of a lithographic artist. As a schooner she was a "slippery customer" from the word go, and I well remember, when calling on the captain at his home on the north side of Pine street below Second, how he "chuckled with glee" in telling of her performance in her first August cruise with the New York Yacht club, of which he was one of the most influential and enthusiastic members.

"You see it was a broad reach, with a whole sail breeze on the port quarter. I had worked up from about the middle of the fleet to a position almost abreast and to leeward of the Commodore (Stevens) and I found myself fore-reaching on him so fast when nearing Newport that I took the helm myself and held her off two points to keep astern of the flagship (which was the famous sloop Maria), and so, to save the feelings of the Commodore, who would have felt sadly humiliated to have to read the name of the Madgie on a new yacht's stern while running into Newport."

So, as a racer she had already proved herself to be "away up in G" under her early name of Madgie, afterward changed to Magic. As the lives of racing yachts go, with the tremendous strain on hull, masts, spars and rigging, the Magic was a pretty old and patched-up "veteran" after her 13 years as a winning racer, when Mr. James Ashbury, owner of the handsome and over-the-water successful schooner yacht Cambria, the leader in the challenging for the America's cup habit, came over with his boat to try conclusions with "the best we had in our store" at the time. He was confident that he would be able to sail back into the Solent with the coveted old mug dangling from his forerigging, after its long period of "innocuous desuetude" in America.

It was on the morning of the 8th of August, 1870, a beautiful, sunny day, when the 22 schooners, anxious defenders of the cup, were anchored in line off Staten Island, ready for the signal to start the race so big with the fate of the blue ribbon of the seas.

In the line were the largest and most powerful yachts (all schooners) then in existence, among them the famous Dauntless, Idler, Halcyon, Alarm, Tidal Wave, then new and untried, and the America herself.

She was then the property of the United States government, that had appropriated money to fit her with new sails and put her in the race, if possible, precisely as she was when she won the cup. She sailed in charge of naval officers.

The Magic was the smallest boat of the contestants. She had a favorable position in the line, and at the signal she romped away and went at once to the front, beating against a brisk southerly breeze, and was never headed during the entire race.

She beat the Cambria by the immense margin of more than 39 minutes. Eight others finished in advance of the Cambria. The Idler was second, the America sixth.

"A truly magical performance," said Mr. Ashbury when he first learned the name and dimensions of the winner of this never-to-be-forgotten first race in defense of the cup.

Probably no yacht ever had so many changes of ownership, or of colors, from black to white, and vice versa, each new owner apparently disapproving of the taste of his predecessor. Mr. William H. McVickar bought her from Captain Loper in 1864, and it was he who changed her name to Magic. Mr. George Lorillard was her next owner—then came Mr. W. H. Gray, from whom she was bought in 1869 by Franklin Osgood, of Staten Island, to whom came the proud honor of winning the first of the memorable races for the retention of "the grand old mug of America."

Other owners of the Magic were Lester Wallack, the famous actor and manager, from whom Mr. Osgood again bought her and sold her to Mr. Rufus Hatch in 1871, who, in turn, turned her over to Mr. William T. Garner, a wealthy New York merchant. In 1876 Mr. Osgood returned to his first love and she was his again until 1879, when she went to Mr. Francis M. Held, of Boston; then to Mr. Thurston McKay, to Francis M. Held, Jr., to B. Rodman Held and to Charles G. Held, under whose proprietorship she finished her Boston career, and came back to New York to Mr. August W. Mott. Smoky Pittsburg next claimed her as her own, she having been bought by Mr. John A. Clark and brother, from whom she went to her Florida doom, dying as a thoroughbred—racing to the last.

Under her various owners she sailed many match races, most of which she won.

Her grandest and most exciting match race was that with the Comet.

The Comet was a pretty new schooner modeled, built and sailed in the race by the well-known "rule of thumb" designer, Joe Ellsworth. In size and sail power she about matched the Magic, which was owned at the time by Mr. Garner, who, having supreme confidence in his beloved schooner, challenged the Comet's owner, Mr. William H. Langley, of the Brooklyn Y. C., for a race over the course of the New York Yacht club.

The Comet was a warm favorite, being generally considered by odds the speedier. The race came off on October 12, 1874. A good sailing breeze from the north sent them away kiting. Joe Ellsworth being at the wheel of the Comet, which went off in the lead, the start being a flying one. Down the wind the Comet had the best of it to the Sandy Hook lightship, but after rounding and hauling on the wind the Magic showed that she had something up her sleeve, for she slowly but surely forged to the front, winning by the narrowest kind of a squeak—a few seconds.

It was said that more money changed hands on that race than on any match race ever sailed in New York waters, nearly $200,000 having been wagered.

Langley's sporting blood was so chilled by the result, on which he had lost very heavily, that he never matched the Comet again, nor sailed her in regattas.

Mr. Garner won enough to build the hull and rig of the greatest of the centerboard, skimming-dish type of schooners, the Mohawk, and in her he lost his life while trying to save that of his wife, the yacht having been capsized by a sudden gust while lying at anchor off Staten Island. Both were drowned in the cabin.—Frank H. Schell, in Philadelphia Record.

VARIETIES

The first gummed postage stamps issued about 1840.

New York man, while asleep and dreaming of burglars, kills his wife.

Ninety-six per cent of the coal produced north of the equator.

The Salvation Army is operating in fifty-four countries and colonies.

More than 18,000 persons in Switzerland are employed in the ribbon industry.

Of the 287 recorded ministers of the society of Friends in Great Britain, 131 are women.

British Liberal government breaks with the Socialists and defeats the "right to work" bill.

Lord Rosebery, in an address before the Liberal league, declares socialism an active menace.

Liberty league declares open warfare—national scope against Anti-Saloon league and the Prohibition party.

Fire insurance men devising plans to save themselves from loss as a result of the work of "night riders" in Kentucky.

Walter Wellman tells President Roosevelt's estimate of Taft—"He is the biggest going concern in the country."

Joseph Butcher, of Camden, N. J., shovels off his sidewalk each snowy day although he is 92.

Chicago Taft club plans to force a vote in the Illinois delegation and swing the state into line for the secretary on the first ballot.

Dr. Wiley in an address before the Mothers' Congress at Washington declares that mothers should demand pure food for children.

Walter Wellman says the opposition to the administration privately admits that they are beaten and that Taft has won the nomination.

During 1906 the telegraph and telephone poles used in this country amounted to 3,574,666, having an average value of $2.65 each.

There are sixty-four countries in which protection is afforded to inventions, and to get out a patent in each one would cost about $15,000.

Over 92,000 natives are employed by the missionary societies of this country in Europe is spreading the gospel among their fellows.

The most recent church census of the country shows forty denominations, 141,731 ministers, 220,199 churches and 33,156 members.

Shareholders petition directors of the Union Pacific to make Harriman make up $40,000,000 alleged to have been lost through his stock speculations.

It has been only eight years since this country passed Great Britain in the matter of coal production. Now the English mines are hardly to be reckoned as competitors.

The cost for hauling coal for the locomotives is estimated at 1 mill per ton mile on the St. Louis & San Francisco railroad, and the labor of shoveling it at 8 cents a ton.

Majority of senate committee back up President Roosevelt in his discharge of negro soldiers as a result of the Brownsville affray; Foraker and others present a minority report.

That the armor belts and gun shields on the ships of Admiral Evans' fleet are too low are charges before the senate naval affairs committee by Captain Winslow and Commander Key.

While the Catholic church membership in this country reaches 11,000,000 and the Methodist only 3,036,667, there are more preachers of the latter denomination than of the church of Rome.

L. L. Fee, a plumber, makes a bold attempt to rob the Merchants' National Bank at Omaha of $5,000, using as a menace a bottle that he said contained nitro-glycerin, but that later proved to contain a harmless colored liquid.

The data about the manufacture of steel cars in this country are not definite as might be desired, but Railway Age reports the number of steel cars ordered in 1907 to be 57,000 and of cars with steel underframes 44,500.

Miss Elizabeth M. Kilbourne, of Weststed, Conn., claims to be the first woman who ever took a stitch on a sewing machine. She was formerly a teacher in Hartford, where she visited Elias Howe's shop and got a chance to try his new invention.

There are 21,983,356 Christian communicants in the United States, of which little more than one-third belong to the branch of the Catholic church. The additions for last year were 617,584, the preceding year this net gain amounted to 931,740.

Richard Savage, the gifted poet, died a debtor's prison at Bristol, after suffering the pangs of semi-starvation for years. Chatterton, driven desperate through hunger, poisoned himself at the age of eighteen. Swift died insane, but all along predicted he would.

The Belgians have a breed of fowls with feet of which they have shortened the spur in order to lessen their powers of doing damage by scratching in gardens. They have another variety which have been developed out of tail feathers, that they may have a better chance of escaping from foxes.

No city in the world is better provided with means for general education than is New York city; yet there is an extremely large proportion of residents who visit the libraries and museums, while a very large proportion of the visitors in the city is seen in them every day.

A very large part of the population of Dublin is accommodated in tenements of a small size, that is, in one or two rooms. Of the 25,282 families in this city at the time of the 1901 census, 60 per cent lived in only one or two rooms, 27 per cent were housed in one room, and 13 per cent in two rooms.

The distance around the world via the Trans-Siberian and our own transcontinental railway lines is shown to be 24,997 miles. The sailing distance around the world from New York via Suez, Singapore, Manila, Guam, Yokohama, Honolulu and Panama canal to New York again will be 23,082 miles.

Corporal James Tanner, of Washington, D. C., has been appointed a member of the committee on erection of a statue in honor of Benjamin F. Stephenson, the founder of the Grand Army of the Republic. In the erection of this memorial to General Stephenson every post in the national encampment will have a part.

Kenyon Cox, the painter, is also a accomplished writer. He is a son of Jacob D. Cox, secretary of the interior in President Grant's first cabinet, who after his retirement from the army became a successful writer on historical and military topics and was for more than twenty years a contributor to the Nation.

La Nature asserts that the military population of the German empire numbers 888,852. In Alsace-Lorraine are quartered 51,109; at Metz, 12,055; in the environs of Metz, 11,819; at Strasburg, 15,468; environs of Strasburg, 5,682; at Colmar, 5,082; at Mulhouse, 4,451; other garrisons on the frontier are less important.

Waycross, Ga., with a population of 9,000, has no poorhouse, nine out of ten of the white population own their homes and 93 per cent of the children attend school. Incidentally it may be stated that the saloon license has annually for the last sixteen years been fixed at $30,000—and no one has offered to pay the amount for the saloon privilege.

Few persons would guess that the smallest things visible to the eye are the stars. Yet, according to a high authority, such is the case. Great as many of the stars are in actual magnitude, their distance is so immense that their angular diameter becomes indistinguishable, and they approach to the condition of geometrical points. The minute discs that they appear to have are spurious, an effect of radiation.

Here is a strange fishing story from England: During the last "cold spell" a Mr. Richardson, of Peterborough, was skating on the canal when the ice was very clear and noticed a large fish swimming in front of him. The skater was terrified and swam in front of the skater until it stopped from sheer exhaustion. The man broke the ice and took out the fish with his hand, which proved to be a pike weighing twenty pounds.

The British journal entitled to decide upon "the first daily paper" is the Daily Courant, of London, began March 11, 1702, by "E. Mallet, at the Ditch at Fleet Bridge." It was a single page of two columns and professed to give solely foreign news, the publisher assuring his readers that would not take upon himself to any comments of his own, "supposing other people to have sense enough to make reflections for themselves."

S. W. Ramsey, of Girard, O., is the inventor of a process for making use of flue dust from a blast furnace in the manufacture of fuel which is said to be very promising. He is experimenting at the present time with a mixture of about 500 tons of flue dust which has been allowed to become hard by exposure to the elements, and although his tests are by no means completed he is making use of flue dust briquettes as fuel in the very furnace from which the dust came.

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

2322—Ladies' Waist Accessories. Capable of being made in all-over lace, silk ribbon or embroidery. 3 sizes—small, medium and large.

2310—Misses' Shirt Waist, with seamless yoke. Striped madras, lawn, linen or fancy shirtings are pretty materials for this style. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2316—Girls' or Child's Dress, with high or Dutch neck. Flowered challis or dimity develops well in this style. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2294—Child's Rompers. Checked or plain gingham, also duck or galatea are suitable materials for this garment. 5 sizes—2 to 10 years.

2168—Ladies' One-Piece Plaited Skirt. Checked, striped or plain flannel, mohair and Panama cloth are excellent materials for this skirt. 5 sizes—22 to 30.

1878—Misses' Nine-Gored Plaited Skirt. An excellent model for any material. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1648—Ladies' Double-Breasted Tucked Shirt Waist. An excellent model for pongee or linen. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

1397—Ladies' Tucked Yoke Waist, without under-arm seams—with long or elbow sleeves and body and sleeve lining. Suitable for any of the novelty silks 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2154—Ladies' Tucked Surplice Jumper. Challis, voile, Panama or taffetas develops well in this style. 3 sizes—Small, medium and large.

1835—Ladies' Jumper, slipped on over the head. Voile, chambray, linen or lawn make up well in this style. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2312—Girls' Dress, with three-quarter length sleeves and a removable chemisette. Plain or spotted challis, mohair or any of the colored chambrays make up well in this style. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2321—Ladies' Dress, in Instep length, with Princess Front Panel and three-quarter length sleeves. Thin batiste, combined with all-over embroidery is used for this model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

1949—Misses' Fancy Waist, with elbow sleeves, high or low neck and with or without body lining and Japanese sleeve-bands. Sheer batiste, combined with fine lace, is a pretty medium for this style. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2307—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with Kimono sleeves. A pretty model for both everyday and dressy wear. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

1448—Girl's Suspender Dress, with Tucked Guimpe. Practical, everyday model for chambray or linen. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2050—Girls' Dress, with Plaited Skirt and a removable shield. A good model for the everyday frock. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

1880—Misses' Four-Gored Gathered Skirt, with or without Flounce. A good style for the skirts of dimity, organdie, lawn or thin silk. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2317—Ladies' One-Piece Skirt in sweep length, with Tunic, an inverted per-plait at centre of front, and habit back. A good model for voile, henrietta, thin serge or flannel. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

1761—Infants' One-Piece Slip. Cambric, lawn or fine nainsook are all used for these garments. One size.

2000—Child's Low-Necked One-Piece Dress, slipped on over the head, suitable for chambray, lawn or thin silk. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

1474—Misses' Shirt Waist, or slip to be worn under thin waists, with high or Dutch round or square neck and long or elbow sleeves. Wash silk, organdie or lawn are the best mediums for garments of this style. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1808—Ladies' Guimpe, with high neck or Dutch round or square neck and long or three-quarter length sleeves. Suitable for silk, lawn, chiffon or all-over embroidery or lace. 8 sizes, 32 to 46.

2174—Child's One-Piece Dress, Closed at Center-Back. A pretty little style for the growing girl. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

2296—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse closed at right side of front, with permanent turn-down collar or neck-band for adjustable collars; and knickerbockers. Galatea, chambray, thin flannel, serge and khaki are all used for these suits. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

WATCHES

The 16 size watch is now the popular size for men and boys, being very much lighter in weight, smaller in size, and thinner than the 18 size.

We shall handle this season only Waltham and Elgin movements. The reputation and reliability of these movements are so well known to our readers that they need no further recommendation from us.

The cases used in our watches are the very best grades of 25-year and 20-year gold filled cases on the market. We make no extra charge for hand engraved cases in the 25-year grade.

We guarantee everything we offer you to be JUST EXACTLY AS REPRESENTED.

And you will find our prices lower than you can purchase the same quality for elsewhere.

The Waltham and Elgin watches are all stem wind and stem set.

ALL WATCHES ARE SENT BY REGISTERED MAIL.

We can supply any movement made by the Waltham or Elgin companies, and will be pleased to quote prices.

This offer is intended only for Blade subscribers. We desire to give our subscribers the advantages of the best quality of everything at the very lowest price.

MOVEMENTS.

Nickel—Fifteen jewels (settings); quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval regulator; sunk second dial; nickel idex; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

Nickel—Seven jewels; quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval steel regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

MEN'S WATCHES.

No. 101—18 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works ...$11.50

No. 102—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ...$15.00

No. 103—16 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works ...$12.25

No. 104—18 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$15.50

No. 105—18 size, 25-year open face, 15-jeweled works ...$12.50

No. 106—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$17.00

No. 107—16 size, 25-year open face, 15-jeweled works ...$14.50

No. 110—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ...$12.75

No. 111—16 size, 20-year open face, 7-jeweled works ...$10.00

No. 113—18 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works ...$10.50

No. 114—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$15.00

No. 115—16 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works ...$12.50

NICKEL SILVER CASES.

No. 116—18 size, 7-jeweled works $5.30

No. 118—18 size, 15-jeweled works $6.60

No. 119—16 size, 15-jeweled works $8.75

LADIES' 6 SIZE.

No. 121—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$13.50

No. 123—20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$12.25

LADIES' 0 SIZE.

No. 124—25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ...$14.00

No. 125—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$17.50

No. 126—20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ...$13.00

Remit by P. O. money order, express money order, registered letter, or New York draft.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

Gen. Edwards and Filipinos Plead for the "Brown Brother"

Cincinnati, O., March 14.—An appeal for the Philippines and for the Filipinos was voiced before the Cincinnati Commercial club at its annual dinner last night by Benito Legarda and Fabio Ocampo de Leon, delegates from the Philippines to the United States, and a slightly wider sweep was given to the oratory of the evening in the address of General Clarence R. Edwards, chief of the bureau of insular affairs. In opening his speech General Edwards declared that the "joint guidance of Secretaries Root and Taft has been the greatest blessing ever bestowed upon the people of our recently acquired possessions."

Delegate Lagarda referred feelingly to the reception that had been tendered himself and other Filipino commissioners to the St. Louis exposition, declaring that one bond that held them together was their love for the Cincinnatian who had done so much for their island home. He paid a high tribute to Secretary Taft for his work in the administration of affairs in the Philippines, and said:

"If you study our commercial statistics and compare our present economic conditions to those of Porto Rico and Hawaii, the difference will show itself prominently, thus warranting the conclusion that there is something to be done in the Philippines.

"I mean that the barrier which obstructs free entry of Philippine products into the United States, as well as other measures which the secretary of war has asked congress to adopt, are necessary to the Philippines, and Porto Rico has only one-eighth of the population of the Philippines. Its area is only one thirty-eighth the area of the Philippines. But the value of the total imports and exports between the Philippines and the United States is only one-half the value of the export and import trade between Porto Rico and the United States. These figuers speak for themselves. The trade of Porto Rico has multiplied twelve times since the barrier of tariff was taken off, while that of the Philippines by losing the markets in Spain, has been reduced to its minimum.

"The advantages of free trade will not be all on the side of the Philippines. An examination of statistics and of trade experiences in other countries will convince the most skeptical that at least $200,000,000 worth of American products and food stuffs will be exported annually to the Philippines whenever its markets are opened by free trade.

"As delegates from the Philippines we came to this country full of hope and faith in the justice and generosity of the American people. We believe that what we ask is just, and that we have as much right to demand the same treatment as that accorded to the other territories under the starry flag. We are not discouraged in any way, and still entertain the hope that our efforts will meet with success."

Commissioner Ocampo, through an interpreter, gave a glowing description of his country's resources, arguing for legislation that would aid in the development, not alone of commerce among the islands, but also with the rest of the world.

A Great SWEET PEA Offer

$1.20 Worth for only 10c

A remarkable collection of the most beautiful and largest flowering Sweet Peas grown. For only 10c we will mail you 12 packets of the choicest varieties, our new catalogue of vegetable and flower seeds, and a coupon for 10c, redeemable with your first order for 25c, so you can really obtain the Sweet Peas free. Take advantage of this great offer at once.

J. J. BELL SEED CO., Deposit, N. Y.

WAR TALK SUBSIDING

Demand of Japs for Action Against China Less.

Tokio, March 12.—The demand of the press and the public of Japan for aggressive action against China in connection with the Tatsu affair is subsiding.

The Asahi, one of the most influential newspapers discusses the matter at length and urges the government to seriously consider the moral side of the case and not to press China to extremes. It thinks that Japan should exercise greater vigilance concerning the export of arms destined for the use of insurgents against a friendly government.

This view is gaining ground, and it is understood that the minister of war, General Terauchi, and Vice Admiral Saito, minister of marine, are opposed to aggressive tactics. The British minister, Sir Claude MacDonald, has held lengthy conferences with Foreign Minister Hayashi.

NO PROBE IS ORDERED

Straus Explains President's Bucket Shop Directions.

Washington, D. C., March 13.—To correct any misapprehension that may exist through the circulation of erroneous reports concerning the investigation which Commissioner of Corporations Smith is making into laws affecting bucket shop operations, Secretary Straus, of the department of commerce and labor, today issued the following statement:

"Secretary Straus states in regard to the matter of bucket shops, that the President has simply referred the subject to this department, with the request to have Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, commissioner of corporations, examine certain bills aimed at bucket shops and to report his views on the general subject.

"The President has not ordered any general investigation of stock exchanges, and Mr. Smith has been instructed to use his own judgment in reporting upon the subject, and getting the facts that the President desires."

In the last ten years over $20,000,000 has been spent by the Wesleyan Methodist church of England on churches and halls for religious work.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

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SHOES AT ALL PRICES, FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other shoes in the world to-day.

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CAUTION. W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. **Take No Substitute.** Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere. Shoes mailed from factory to any part of the world. Illustrated Catalog free to any address. **W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.**

PINCHOT THINKS A WAR IS COMING

Says It Is Only From Forest Rangers That Scouts Can Be Recruited.

New York, March 14.—Declaring it is only from the forest rangers in the service of the United States that scouts can be recruited for service in the "the great war that is coming," Gifford Pinchot, chief forester of the department of agriculture, startled his hearers at a dinner of the Camp Fire club of America last night by discussing the war, as if conflict were unavoidable.

"In the great war which this country will fight, but which I hope, with all my heart, it will not have to fight soon," Mr. Pinchot said, "the only quarter to which this government could look for scouts, whose service in war is so essential, is to be the bureau of forestry. There, and there only, are men being trained in such a fashion that they would be of service.

"It is of importance that we preserve the forests and the game, but it is more important that we be in position to furnish for service in that war the material out of which good scouts can be made. The forest rangers make up this material."

He also said there is in this country now timber enough for less than 30 years and coal enough to last less than 100 years.

FIRST JAPANESE SQUADRON SETS SAIL

Warships Leave Fosma Under Secret Orders—Great Activity at Naval Station.

Hong Kong, March 14.—Information has been received here from Fosma that the first Japanese naval squadron sailed today on secret service.

The cruisers Yakumo, Akitsuhima, Asama and flotilla of smaller vessels have been coaled ready to sail at a minute's notice, since March 7. At Sasebo, the naval station, everything is exceedingly busy.

The Tatsu affair has caused a sensation in the navy, and some action in this department is surmised.

FLEET BEGINS ITS TARGET PRACTICE

One of Most Important Features of Long Cruise Around the Globe.

San Diego, Cal., March 16.—The American battleship fleet, now at anchor in Magdalena bay, Lower California, began the serious work of record target practice this morning, according to official wireless dispatches received here, and for the next two or three weeks the usually quiet waters of this harbor will splash and dance under the rain of shot and shell and the real work of the cruise to all outside the engine holds and chart rooms will be under way.

The fleet is anchored in the north end of the bay, which is the most sheltered part of this natural haven of the sea. Looking to the south there is a broad expanse of water nearly twenty miles long, while the width of the bay, at the entrnace, is nearly twelve miles.

At Lower End of Bay.

The targets are set and ranges established at the lower end of the bay where it narrows to an island-parted channel leading to Almejas Bay, another land-locked harbor whose natural advantages would stand out strikingly in the search for a naval base in any other part of the world than in close proximity to Magdalena.

The ranges are set first at 1,000 yards. They will be next extended to 2,000 yards, and then to a maximum of 3,000 yards for the smaller taget, which is 12 by 21 feet in size. For the great turret guns—the 12 and 13-inch rifles—the ranges are lengthened from 6,000 to 9,000 yards and the targets are increased to 30 by 60 feet. As one ordnance officer on the battleships expressed it, it is absolutely essential that the gunners should be able to see the target before they can train the sights upon it. At 9,000 yards the white canvas object to be shot at appears as only a tiny speck upon the water.

DRUGGIST IS CONVICTED

Case Watched With Interest All Over the Country.

Washington, D. C., March 13.—Robert N. Harper, banker and drug manufacturer, was yesterday convicted of violating the federal pure food and drugs law by the sale and manufacture of a pharmaceutical preparation or compound which was mislabeled. The case has been watched with interest by drug firms all over the country and it is significant because of the fact that it is the first conviction under the new law. Harper has been on trial for two weeks.

The compound in question contained antipirine, acetanilid, caffeine, alcohol and other ingredients. Bearing upon the alleged poisonous character of this preparation testimony was offered that if not guardedly taken an overdose would be fatal. Harper admitted on the stand that he would not take the contents of an eight-ounce bottle of this preparation because to do so would be dangerous, but a mass of expert testimony was given to show that if the directions on the medicine, which was put up for a headache remedy, were observed, the effects were harmless.

Punishment is imprisonment for a term of three months or a fine of $250, or both. Mr. Harper will only receive the fine, this being his first offense.

PACKERS MUST PAY FINE

Supreme Court Affirms $15,000 Assessment in Lower Court.

Washington, March 16.—The proceeding by the government against the Armour Packing company, Swift & Co., Morris & Co., and the Cudahy Packing company, all of them operating in Kansas City, Kan., under which the companies were each fined $15,000 by the United States circuit court for the western district of Missouri, on the charge of receiving rebates, contrary to the provisions of the Elkins act, was decided by the supreme court of the United states today adversely to those companies.

The court's opinion was announced by Justice Day, who held that the Elkins act is applicable to transportation anywhere, and that an offense is not confined to the initial point. He also held it applicable alike to shipper and carrier.

The decision of the lower courts in the complementary case against the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway company, holding that ecompany responsible for the granting of the rebates to the packers, and fining that company for the offense, also was affirmed.

THE MAN WHO SWEARS BY THE FISH BRAND SLICKER

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FLEET TO PHILIPPINES

Will Also Visit Hawaii and Australian Ports.

Return to Be Made by the Way of the Suez Canal—Start July 6.

Washington, March 13.—Admiral Evans' battleship fleet, after leaving San Francisco, will visit Hawaii, Samoa, Melbourne and Sydney, Australia, the Philippines and return to New York by way of the Suez canal.

Secretary Metcalf announced the future movements of the fleet after the cabinet meeting today. It will leave San Francisco on July 6th, "for our Pacific possessions," as Mr. Metcalf styled it.

The vessels will first touch at Hawaii, where they will coal. After that they will go to Samoa, following this up by a visit to Australia, where they will stop at the cities of Melbourne and Sydney, the invitation of the Australian government to visit that country having been supplemented by a more cordial one from the British ambassador, Mr. Bryce.

Leaving Australia, the vessels are to go to Manila, and while in the Philippines the annual fall target practice will be held.

The return will be made by way of the Suez, stopping only at such ports as are necessary for coaling purposes. The date of their return to the states is dependent entirely upon the amount of time required for target practice in the Philippines. The visit of the battleships to Puget sound will be made some time between the conclusion of the grand review in San Francisco bay on May 8th and the date of the sailing over the Pacific.

EVELYN ASKS DIVORCE

First Step Taken to Annul Marriage to Thaw.

Husband Says He Will Fight Case, but His Family Will Not.

New York, March 11.—The first legal step was taken today by counsel for Evelyn Nesbitt Thaw in her contemplated action to secure the annullment of her marriage to Harry K. Thaw.

Daniel O'Rielly, the young wife's counsel, said today that he had sent a clerk to the Matteawan asylum to serve the papers in the case upon Thaw and that he has also sent papers to be served on Thaw's mother. He said:

Legally speaking, Harry Thaw is dead, so it is necessary to have for a defendant his next of kin. The mother will not try to make any trouble for us. She is very kindly disposed toward our case and is sympathetic with the attitude young Mrs. Thaw has taken. We do not believe that we will experience any difficulty in procuring a decision in our favor.

"Nothing has been done in regard to a settlement," said Mr. O'Reilly. "The reported figures—a lump sum of $50,000 and an annual allowance of $15,000—are all guess work."

According to A. Russell Peabody, Thaw's counsel. Thaw will oppose the annullment with every means at his command and will contest the allegation that he was insane at the time of his marriage.

RECORD APPROPRIATION

Postoffice Dept. Gets $222,190,392 for Year's Business

More Money Provided for the Rural Delivery Service Is Allowed.

Washington, March 14.—Carrying the largest appropriation in all its history—$222,190,392—the post office appropriation bill passed the house having ben under discussion fourteen days. This is $1,425,000 more than was reported by the committee. Chairman Overstreet, when the reading of the bill had been concluded, waged a vigorous fight on the proposition to increase pay of the letter carriers which was voted into the bill last Wednesday, but that action was confirmed 136 to 126.

The closing debate on the bill dwelt mainly on the rural delivery service, the only amendment to get through being one increasing by $200,000 the appropriation therefor.

Increase of $200,000.

The first amendment to run successfully the gauntlet was one by Mr. Finley, S. C., increasing by $200,000 the appropriation for rural delivery service, making the total amount for that purpose $35,573,000.

A lengthy discusion followed the offering by Mr. Griggs, Georgia, of an amendment providing for a rural parcels post. The amendment was ruled out on a point of order by Mr. Overstreet.

Other amendments followed, all bearing on the rural service. These These covered the extension to rural routes of the drop letter privilege, the waiving of the requirement as to gates enclosing farms; a requirement that service on rural carrier routes be not suspended on legal holidays; the granting of thirty dollars per annum additional to rural carriers where the route is more than twenty-four miles in length; prohibiting rural carriers from delivering mail on Christmas day, all of which went out on points of order by Mr. Overstreet.

On an objection by Mr. Moon, Tenn., all provisions of the bill relating to the handling of mail on board United States vessels by enlisted men, were eliminated. Mr. Moon said that while he was not particularly opposed to the proposition, he wanted something to hold over the conference committee with which to secure concessions to the rural carrier service.

Reopened Discussion.

The reading of the bill then was concluded, but a notification by Mr. Overstreet that he would ask a separate vote on the proposition to raise the pay of letter carriers reopened the whole discussion on that subject.

As the result of a roll call forced by Mr. Kliher, Mass., the vote disclosed yeas 136, nays 126. The increase previously allowed therefore was confirmed. Applause greeted the announcement of the vote.

The bill then was passed.

WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE.

From October to May, Colds are the most frequent cause of Headache. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE removes cause. E. W. Grove on box 25c.

MAYOR FACES CHARGES

McClellan Accused of Non-enforcement of Liquor Laws.

Albany, N. Y., March 13.—Charges against Mayor George B. McClellan and Police Commissioner Theodore A. Bingham, of New York, with a demand for their removal from office, were filed yesterday with Governor Hughes by Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, on behalf of the Society for the Prevention of Crime in

MAYOR M'CLELLAN.

New York City. The charges allege neglect of duty in non-enforcement of the liquor tax law.

The procedure in such cases provides that the governor shall cause a copy of the charges to be served on the accused, who shall have reasonable time to prepare and file an answer. If the governor deems the charges of sufficient importance, he will probably appoint a special commissioner to take testimony and report to him.

APPENDICITIS

Grape-Nuts as a Reconstructing Food.

The number of cases of appendicitis which get well by proper feeding and nursing, is not less remarkable than the number of cases which were formerly operated on only to find that the operation was unnecessary.

While looking for the cause of this disease, it is well to remember that excessive starch fermentation may be considered a frequent cause, and that suggests more care in the use of starchy foods.

Grape-Nuts can be retained on the most sensitive stomach and is extremely nourishing—just the ideal food for appendicitis cases.

"Last spring I was taken ill with appendicitis," writes an Ind. man. "The doctor told me not to be alarmed, for he would do the best he could to save me from the operating table.

"He advised me to eat nothing for two weeks, during which time I became so weak I could hardly move. The trouble began to leave me and I began to eat fruits and milk, but I did not regain the strength I had before I was sick.

"A friend of mine recommended Grape-Nuts. I tried it and it worked wonders with me. I soon began to gain in strength, and in a month was as strong as ever.

"I don't think I ever used a food that did me so much good. I now weigh 160 lbs., as against 130 before I was sick, all due to Grape-Nuts and regular exercise.

"My muscles are like iron and I can do the hardest work. Being employed in a printing office, I have to think a lot, and my mind is clear, thanks to Grape-Nuts." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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ATTACK ON ROOSEVELT

Congressman Willet Vents His Spleen on the President.

Washington, March 13.—Denunciation was heaped upon President Roosevelt in the house of representatives today by Mr. Willett, of New York. Mr. Willett insisted that the distressing effects of the panic of 1907 were being felt. "There seems to be," he said, "a conspiracy of silence on the part of the Republican members of the house on the subject of the cause and effect of the panic."

Those members, he declared, were afraid to attack the President for fear of his "big stick." The President, he said, was "reaping the reward of his own reckless misconduct."

Refers to Brownsville.

He referred to "the imperialistic methods" of the President as evidenced by "the un-American discharge of whole companies of American soldiers without trial, without proof of guilt," and said it sounded "more like the edict of an African chieftain or Russian despot than the command of an American President."

Mr. Willett charged that President Roosevelt had "done more than all other Presidents and all other public men in the history of the country to shake the confidence of the people in our form of government, and has done more than any one man in our nation's history to destroy legitimate business, shatter confidence among the people and bring utter panic into every counting room, factory, shop, office and home in the land, and has exhibited a greater degree of self-consciousness and egotism, which are the natural results of power and flattery, than any President who has occupied the White House."

Nevertheless, he said, "the clarion tongues of the great Republican party are silent; the people's rights may be trampled upon, but party interests must be protected." He characterized the President "as that great central deity," and said that if the usurpations of the President passed unchallenged by the people, they would soon create the force of precedent.

Says Now Is the Time.

"Now is the time," he exclaimed, "and we are the people to watch with jealousy such beginnings, to indignantly attack them, and if possible, to destroy them."

In conclusion he said:

"Remove the cause of the unrest, silence the fearless, senseless clamor for spectacular effect on the part of the man in the White House, and quiet will be restored."

NEBRASKA IS FOR TAFT

Republican Delegation for Him First to Last.

Iowa District Declares for Secretary of War—Fifteen at a "Mass Convention."

Omaha, Neb., March 13.—Without a voice of dissent, the candidacy of William H. Taft for President of the United States was endorsed by the Republican state convention of Nebraska yesterday, and a solid delegation for the secretary will go to Chicago instructed to vote for his nomination first, last and all the time.

It was a Taft convention from start to finish, despite talk of a division, and when the question of selecting delegates at large came up for consideration the state delegation—Governor Sheldon, Senator Norris Brown, Victor Rosewater, of Omaha, and Judge Allen W. Field, of Lincoln—went through with a rush. The alternates are A. C. Rankin, of Furnas county; I. G. Bartght, of Omaha, Lieutenant-Governor M. R. Hopewell, of Burt county, and Paul H. Marlay, of Custer county.

Hughes Is Endorsed.

St. Louis, Mo., March 13.—Republican conventions held yesterday on the call of the chairman of the state committee in the Eleventh and Twelfth congressional districts, to elect delegates to the National convention in Chicago, adopted resolutions endorsing Governor Charles E. Hughes, of New York, for the next president, and the delegates elected from the Twelfth district were instructed for him. The Eleventh district delegates were uninstructed.

The instructions given the Twelfth district delegates are the first instructions for Hughes that have been given delegates by any congressional convention that has so far been held in the country.

Lambremont Wins.

New Orleans, March 13.—Paul M. Lambremont was yesterday declared by the Democratic state central committee the nominee for lieutenant-governor of Louisiana. This action was based on examination of the official election returns which showed that Mr. Lambremont receives a plurality over his opponent, J. J. Bailey, in the recent primary.

Instructed for Taft.

Oskaloosa, Iowa, March 13.—Republicans of the Sixth congressional district met here yesterday and selected John F. Lacey, of Oskaloosa, and Milton McCord, of Newton, delegates to the national convention at Chicago. Resolutions endorsing President Roosevelt's policies and Secretary Taft for president were adopted.

15 at a Mass Convention.

Topeka, Kan., March 13.—The Populist mass convention yesterday, which was attended by only 15 delegates, elected delegates to the national convention at St. Louis, instructed for Thomas E. Watson for president and adopted a platform declaring money, land and transportation the national issues.

HIGHWAYMEN IN A MOB

Twenty Armed Miners Hold Up Mill Workers.

Youngstown, O., March 14.—Twenty armed miners from Wilkesbarre, Pa., caused a reign of terror in Hazelton, east of this city, yesterday afternoon.

In the saloon of Robert McAllister, ten of the party held ten laborers employed at the Republic furnaces at the point of revolvers, while the other half took the workmen's pay checks to the office of the furnace and drew their pay. The gang then went to the saloon of Steve Franko, where the same thing was attempted.

The police, however, had been notified by the bartender in McAllister's saloon. A squad was sent to the office at the furnace. A long line of workmen was in front of the office. In this line were the ten men who were making the second attempt to steal the wages of the foreign laborers. The police were seen in time to allow the robbers to escape. The squad of holdup men left in the saloon also succeeded in escaping before the police arrived. The police are provided with descriptions of all the members of the gang.

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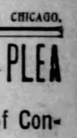

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MORSE ENTERS A PLEA

Says He Is Not Guilty of Conspiracy Charge.

He and Former Bank President Released on Bail in Sum of $30,000.

New York, March 11.—Charles W. Morse, the former banker, and Alfred H. Curtis, formerly president of the National Bank of North America, pleaded not guilty in the United States circuit court today to a joint indictment of 25 counts. Eleven of the counts charged them with conspiracy and 18 charged them with making false entries.

Bail was fixed at $30,000 for Morse and $10,000 for Curtis. They were paroled in custody of their counsel in order to secure bail and were allowed three weeks to reconsider their plea.

THAW FILES AN ANSWER

Is Brief and Contains Only Legal Formalities.

New York, March 14.—Denying the charges of insanity and praying for the dismissal of the suit, Harry K. Thaw, through his counsel, last night, made answer to Evelyn Nesbit Thaw's suit for an annulment of their marriage. Thaw's answer was delivered to Daniel O'Reilly, counsel for Mrs. Thaw, who, after receiving the paners, announced that the case would be put on trial calendar in the supreme court next week.

The answer of Harry Thaw is brief and contains only the barest legal formalities. A. Russell Peabody, Thaw's counsel, declared that the case would be resolutely contested by his client.

FIGHT FOR TEMPERANCE

Will Be Carried Into the Courts at Chicago.

Chicago, March 12.—Following a decision by the Cook county election commissioners yesterday that the Sunday closing question is not one of public policy and therefore should not be submitted to a vote of the people, leaders of the United Societies for local self-government called a hasty meeting last night and determined to take legal steps to compel its submission to such a vote. In pursuance of this determination, attorneys for the organization were instructed to institute mandamus proceedings at the earliest possible moment.

The question ruled out by the commissioners was:

"Shall all places where liquor is sold or given away in this city on Sunday be closed on that day?" It was presented in a petition signed by more than 25 per cent of the voters on Feb. 7, after having been circulated by the United Societies. Objections to the petition have been filed by the Illinois state prohibition committee, the Anti-Saloon League of Illinois, the Chicago Law and Order League and other temperance bodies.

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HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.
Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

MONDAY.
Give what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think.

TUESDAY.
Fret not against nor brood over the limitations of your lot, but consider its divine possibilities.

WEDNESDAY.
I'll not confer with sorrow till tomorrow;
But joy shall have her this very day.

THURSDAY.
Let there be no room in your heart to hold the memory of a wrong.

FRIDAY.
The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts.

SATURDAY.
Cheer up! There are sunny days in store for you, even if you are in the midst of clouds now. The sun is always in its place, but the clouds appear and disappear. Let the sun of faith shine on your troubles, and see how quickly they will melt away.

When We Clean House

Here in northern Ohio, though the winds are chill and we have no assurance that snow will not fall again before spring really "sets in," there are signs and tokens showing the rejuyenescence of the year is on the way. The reflection of the sun lingers later in the evening, and the light dawns earlier in the morning. There are sheltered spots in yards where the grass is growing fresh and green, and there is a scent in the air and a color in the sky that makes one want to sing a song o' spring time, though not quite yet may one expect the quickening of the year.

However it is not far distant, and for this reason, all over the land good housewives are beginning to think of housecleaning, and are planning what may be done to make their home fresh and sweet for summer. This is, of course, the part of the homemaker. It is a thing necessary to the health and comfort of the family, but housecleaning should not be a reign of terror. There is nothing gained by getting in a rush about it, and working as though the next moment would be your last. A disordered house; an untidy woman; children made fretful by the unusual disturbance, and irregular makeshift meals, are the things that turn a home into a place to be avoided, and inspire a feeling of dread against the unpleasant but necessary operations of housecleaning.

The task is not a piece of fancy work to be taken up for an hour and then laid aside for future reference, but it need not be a catastrophe which disrupts a household and forces your husband to regret that he is a married man.

One room at a time is the best plan to follow, instead of every room turned upside down and wrong side out for a thorough going over. This is the old-fashioned way of doing, and, like a good many old-fashioned ways which have served their purpose, should be relegated with the things which are past. Because you always have cleaned house at a certain time in the spring is not a reason why you always should, especially if the weather is not propitious. A cold house, damp with scrubbing and washing, may have the merit of being clean, but it is without comfort and is not conducive to cheerful spirits. The housewife may find satisfaction in knowing her spring cleaning is finished, but there are others to be considered, to whom this knowledge does not afford consolation for physical discomfort.

This is in reference to the doing away with heating arrangements in order to be free from dust and ashes. Unless you live in a climate where a warm spring is always assured, don't make your home like a cold storage, for the sake of having your housecleaning over.

Another thing for the homemaker to consider is the spring diet. When the weather begins to be springlike, heavy winter foods should be dropped as far as possible from the bill of fare, especially fat meats and fried things, such as griddle cakes, fritters and doughnuts. Substitute beef, either boiled or roasted; fish and fowl; soups, salads, fruit, sauce—not too sweet—and every available vegetable. Parsnips, carrots, turnips, tomatoes—even if they are canned—are better than hominy, wheat and oatmeal for warm weather.

Salads require an intimate acquaintance with the cook book, but every housekeeper knows how to prepare onions with the addition of a little vinegar in a dozen different ways, and there is nothing more healthful than the early dandelion "greens" which, before long, will be springing up everywhere.

So much beauty attends the birth of the vernal season that it should be repeated in ourselves. A little mental and spiritual housecleaning will bring us more in harmony with nature's loveliness. There are two little verses by Sam Walter Foss, which, though written in homely words, express this idea perfectly, and, when you clean house, just take the time to read them over.

Plant flowers in the soul's front yard,
Set out new shade and blossom trees,
An' let the soul once froze an' hard,
Sprout crocuses of new ideas.

Yes, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed,
An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
An' sweep the snow banks from yer heart.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up; lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

A TWO-DOLLAR-A-DAY MAN.

Since the question of keeping house on a small income seems to be of interest to the Cozy Corner members, the following article which appeared in the American Magazine, may afford some helpful suggestions. We should like to know what you think of it.

"One of your contributors wonders what in the world a $2-a-day man and his wife have to eat. I am the wife of a $2 man, and I guess the secret of our being able to have decent food is the fact that we don't have to be stylish. Our 'fine laundry' is done at home. I do my own sewing, and I can dress decently on $30 a year, maybe less. Our recreations and amusements are Sunday evening church, a good weekly paper, one of the magazines, and in summer an inexpensive day in the country now and then.

"Now as to food. We feel the pinch of these high prices. We don't use butter and eggs as we used to, and it is a great day when we have a good steak or a chicken. Soups and stews with home-made bread and rolls (I can make good bread, both brown and white) are our mainstay, and I vary the chief meal of the day with some kind of vegetable salad or fruit, and our fruit in winter means dried peaches, prunes and apples. These when cooked as they ought to be are very excellent. My mother was a good cook, and she brought me up to cook well and to make the best of things. In these hard times I can make very good cake and cookies without eggs (gingerbread is always best without them.) And a pumpkin pie or custard made with one egg and two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch are good enough even for a bank teller. Good clean brown sugar melted to syrup and flavored with a little ginger is almost as good as honey on pancakes and biscuits, and saves butter. Add the juice of half a lemon, and it makes a good sauce for a cottage pudding, which costs about five or six cents if made with a half cup of currants or raisins. Beans, rice, canned tomatoes and corn, salt fish, freshened and broiled, potatoes in various ways, and occasional bits of beef or mutton —all these are within our means.

"We are an elderly couple, with only one child, a son, living in Dakota. He has his own family, and can send us only a little remembrance at Christmas. If we had three or four children to feed and clothe, I suppose the soup would be thinner and the bits of meat smaller, but what we had would be clean and well cooked, and I would do plain sewing or washing to help out."

A HAPPY HOME MAKER.

I have been thinking for a longtime that I would write a letter to this interesting circle of mothers and friends. I live ten miles north of Lewiston on the east bank of Androscoggin river, in the state of Maine. We live on a farm of more than one hundred acres, and keep cows. We sell our cream to a butter factory.

I am a young housekeeper, only twenty-six years old, with a family of four children. They are: Alice, five and a half years old; Charlie, four; Blanche, two years and four months, and Florence, fourteen months old. I had a high school course of four years, and prepared for teaching. Because I married before I taught, some of my friends thought the time and expense of going to high school was wasted; but I do not. I do not know why a girl should not be as well educated to care for her own children, as she should to teach in public schools.

I do all of my own sewing, some knitting, and most of my housework. Like "Everyone's Friend," I find some of my plans for doing my work are interfered with by being obliged to care for the little ones.

We have a washing machine, and my husband does the washing. In the winter we dry our clothes in the summer kitchen, which is a close-finished room and has a stove. On this we heat the water to wash and to boil our clothes, so if we make plans to wash on Monday and iron Tuesday, the weather does not interfere.

I have always been favored in having my children comparatively free from sickness, and am very much happier to have a home and family than if I had remained single. We have been married six years and a half, and have never had any hard words yet. It would seem like a calamity to me if anything of the kind should happen. We made an agreement at the time we were married that each would let the other speak the first hard word.

In the summer we attend church and take all of our children. They do very well for children so young, and do not make much disturbance. I am glad to say that I enjoy the favor of Our Heavenly Father, and I think it the only truly happy life to live.—Rosa Belle.

LAND OF THE "BIG, RED APPLE."

In The Blade of February 20 I saw a request for a few words from Southern Central Missouri. I was born and grew to womanhood in Iowa, and only came to "the land of the big red apple" about three and a half years ago. I enjoy life in the Ozarks. It is a beautiful place to study nature. There are rocks of all sizes and form, springs bursting out among them, making all sparkling and bright in the sunshine. There is an abundance of timber and fine out-range for cattle, so that stock can run most of the year. Poultry do well here, as there is so much gravel for them, and the winters are so mild they can have something green nearly all of the time. The markets are good. Fruit is the most important product.

As you all know, Missouri is called the land of the big red apple, and the home of the Elberta peach. Wild game abounds in the forests, and hunting is one of the pastimes for those who like to take a chase.—Missouri Sunshine.

LOOK UP, LIFT UP!

West Virginia Pansy spoke my sentiments in her letter, exactly. So many, many times we not only hear, but see some one whom misfortune has overtaken, struggling to regain their lost footing. As a general thing, the faint heart will cry out, "where are my friends?" Then our motto should hold full sway—"Look up, lift up."

It will not lower our standard to lend a helping hand to any fallen sister (or brother, either). The world may sneer and scoff, but the world, a part at least, scorned our dear Savior, and we should not be ashamed to follow His example. We should be very careful in our daily life to sow only seeds of kindness and love, for in some future time our words and deeds may be the making of some near friend.—Waradale Bell.

THE SAME AGE.

The Blade and I are just the same age. When anyone gets to be my age they should be a grandmother. I am to six dear children. Though they are far away from me I feel in my heart they are sweet. Even pictures of children are sweet to me. One of my papers has a picture of a boy astride of a crooked old tree, smiling, and saying, "Hello!" Every time I look at that picture I smile, too.

I have just come in from feeding my birds. They look on the porch for crumbs every winter. We have not had any snow to cover up food they might get for themselves, but they seem to want a desert of crumbs.

My Easter flowers are budding, and that is a sure harbinger of spring. I do not like winter. I like everything bright and beautiful—like sunshine, and birds, and flowers, and babies.—Ala Bama.

INQUIRIES.

A recipe for making hominy with concentrated lye is asked for.

Will some one give the seven wonders of the world and where they are located?—M. J. H.

Will someone tell the best way to make a good wool mattress, giving quantity of material, size and how to put it in the frame. Also, what kind of thread to tie it with.—M. H.

INQUIRY ANSWERED.

In response to the one who inquired for a list of names for boys, these have been sent in: Haskell, Elden, Clarence, Earl, Cecil and Paul.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

During the past week we have received letters from Mrs. W. H. Fogleman, Busy Wife, A New Comer, Ruth, Bessie B., Santa Cruz, A Careless Sister, Mrs. Lela P. Cory, Myrtle D. Jones, Perdita Marie, Brown Eyes, M. A. B., and Jennie.

Mrs. Bessie Brace—Your letter, when printed, will be signed Bessie B., as it is in the list of letters received. There are several who sign their names "Busy Wife."

Mrs. Sinai M. Smith—Here is a confession and an apology. Last week I had your good letter about books on my desk, ready to use. In some mysterious manner it disappeared, and I am unable to find it. This is to let you know it was not thrown away.

Letters From Children

Dear Children's Corner:—My papa has taken The Blade for several years and I like to read it. As I have never written before I thought I would like to now. I am a little boy ten years old, and live on a farm. I can milk the cows and help saw wood. I get up in the morning and help do the chores, and often do them all alone. We have two horses and a colt, three cows, six red pigs, a lot of chickens, a dog and three cats.

I never went to school but I study at home. Mamma teaches us. I study the Fifth reader, grammar, geography, arithmetic, spelling, writing and German. I like to read books and have read several. Among them Oliver Twist, by Charles Dickens, and I like Longfellow's Hiawatha.

I have four brothers. I can help mamma about the house quite a bit, too. Now, if I am welcome, I will try to write again. With love to all.—Handy Virgil.

I am a little boy ten years old. I go to school every day that I can. I live in the country seven miles from Danville, Ill. I have five brothers and four sisters, and one brother-in-law. My oldest sister is married. She was married two years ago last October. She has a little boy about three months old. It will not be long till he will be calling me Uncle Albert.—Albert Shank.

I am a little girl twelve years of age. I have no sisters or brothers, but I have a dear mamma and the best papa in the world. Grandma has lived with us for six years. I go to school, and have a mile to go. I had a little calf and her name was Rosebud, but she died. Papa has a two-year-old colt, and her name is Flossie. She is gentle as she can be. I am breaking her to ride. This will be a surprise to papa.—Irma Elliott.

I am a little girl ten years old. I go to school in the country, three-quarters of a mile away. I have three sisters and one brother. My two oldest sisters go to School. I live in Beckner, Minn., on a farm. I have an organ and I can play a little on it. My little brother's name is George, and my little sister's name is Phlinda, and last winter she was very sick. My mamma takes The Blade. Santa Claus comes to visit us every Christmas I will stop.—Mabel Frisk.

I was so happy when I saw my little story in The Blade I jumped for joy. I am four years old. I live in northern Indiana, twelve miles south of Lake Michigan. I can name every state and the capital of each in the United States, also the oceans, seas, gulfs, bays, straits, lakes, some of the rivers, mountains and islands, and tell where they are, in the old world as well as the new. I draw maps, print and make figures nicely, so my mamma says. I have no pets, but I have all sorts of dolls my grandma gave me. I call one the Little Lady, and I have a story to send you. I tell my mamma the Little Lady made it up. With best wishes.—Peter W. C. Shunk.

Here is the "Little Lady's" story. It is named The Crow:

"The shiny black crow that comes each day to get his dinner from a stray chicken that has fallen by the way. Caw, caw, caw.

"The crow is rejoicing. I would be lonesome without his noisy caw, caw, caw. The glossy black crow with shining eyes and feathers, is black to his heart, for he goes thieving about. Caw, caw, caw."

From Clara Ivey Truex, who lives in Valrico, Florida, we have these little verses, entitled Valrico:

Come to beautiful Valrico,
Summer or winter,
Oh, come where the tall pines grow;
It's always fine weather.

'Tis beautiful Valrico,
Mid lakes and spring,
It's a healthy location,
Flowers bloom, and birds sing.

My beautiful Valrico
I like to be
In this fair land of
Sunshine and flowers.

A ROMANCE OF POLITICS

MRS. THOS. P. GORE AND CHILD.

"Remember, gentlemen, the little brown-eyed woman has set her heart on my going to the United States senate. Vote for the little brown-eyed woman if you can."

This remarkable plea made a blind man a federal senator, the only time in the history of that august body, and the first from the newly formed state of Oklahoma. It is one of the most remarkable romances of modern politics, this successful campaign of blind Thomas P. Gore for one of the highest honors at the disposal of his proud, new state, says Human Life.

Almost alone, without money, when his competitors were spending many thousands, with only his gift of oratory and a devoted, brilliant, but invalid wife to help him, Gore boldly plunged into the struggle.

His wife was his eyes, his inspiration, and his support. He admits freely that but for her wonderful assistance he could not have gained the victory. Wherever he went—and he thoroughly canvassed the big territory—he frankly told his hearers about the "little brown-eyed woman at home."

"If you can, vote for her," he said. There was a spontaneous response, particularly from the farming districts, and the little brown-eyed woman's husband was swept into a seat in the United States senate.

Now Gore is the most interesting man in that body. When congress first convened Gore was led into the big chamber when almost all his colleagues were seated. There was breathless silence, a tribute to this remarkable man and his great fight. In the senate a man must possess some unusual distinction to attract more than passing notice. But Gore is still in the center of the limelight. For a few days it was necessary to lead him about until he had familiarized himself with the various turnings and outlets in the big building. Now he is able to make his way about without assistance.

In a short time he will get thoroughly into the workings of his new life, and then he may be expected to do something that will again bring him into prominence. Naturally, as the representative of the new state, his actions will be closely watched and his ideas sought.

"Too much credit cannot be given my wife for my success," wrote Gore to a friend in regard to his victory. "It was she I depended on at all times. Her unflagging interest and continued encouragement made it possible for me to win, and to her I give all the credit."

Gore had no headquarters at the swell hotels in the prominent cities of the territory; no suites of rooms elegantly furnished and with political hangers-on to do his bidding at his slightest wish; no paid enthusiasts traveled over the state in his behalf; he had not the fund to obtain lengthy eulogies in the territorial press.

On the contrary, Gore's campaign was carried on from his modest cottage in Lawton. His faithful wife was his campaign manager, and she, assisted only by a brother, worked from early dawn until midnight mailing literature and answering the letters of anxious friends.

During his campaign for the nomination, Mr. Gore mapped out his own speeches and as a rule traveled unaccompanied excepting when the dignitaries of the rural towns escorted him from one speaking place to another.

Her letters of encouragement to him, urging him to even greater efforts, were read by the plowmen and the cotton-growers and their wives, and in each instance he received renewed encouragement and support from them. No campaign of this nature was ever before made in the southwest.

Mrs. Gore was formerly Miss Nino Kay, of Palestine, Texas, where she and the new senator were married on December 27, 1900. Of the two children born to them, but one survives, a daughter.

Although an invalid most of the time, Mrs. Gore had been his helpmeet, his eyes, and his private secretary. When he was a member of the Oklahoma state senate she did all his work, read to him from the statutes and the measures introduced, and upon her he depended entirely. Even in Washington she is acting as his adviser and campaign manager.

Mr. Gore discussed his plans with few except his faithful helpmeet. She passed upon and approved every step that he took. If she opposed a plan it was abandoned. If she thought it good it was purused with more than ordinary vigor.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

To head this week's column, we have a letter from one of the M. G. R.'s charter members, who comes in reminiscent mood, and writes of early days in the circle.

We are glad to give her welcome, as we are glad to welcome the return of all who were with the circle when it first began. The M. G. R. is always young. It reels off the years and, untouched by time, spins on untiringly. Its members come and go, but its youth is perennial.

Once more I am a Blade reader, and, as I scan the once familiar columns of the M. G. R., my feelings, I fancy, are not unlike the sensations one might have if, after being gone a long time from home, one were suddenly picked up and whisked back to the scenes of earlier days. Here we have Laughing Water from Virginia, saying she has enjoyed the letters ever since she has been able to read, and Independence tells us she has been an interested reader for years!

Years, forsooth! Why, 'twas only yesterday the Merry-Go-Round was set in motion, and we hopped upon our ponies and spun round and round to our own merry music. Then the circle, like Mr. Finney's turnip, "grew and it grew," and we must have a motto and a badge, and everyone had a plan or a suggestion to offer. At last both were selected to everyone's satisfaction, and the circle became a permanent feature of the Household page. What good times we had, to be sure.

But where are all of the merry party I remember? Where are Em T. Head, Ferne Hazleton, U No Hoo, Bonnie Burnie, Belle N. Y., John Jr., and ever and ever so many more? Perhaps my reasons for having stayed away so long are theirs, and they simply "don't." The world has a way of exacting more of us as women and men than as girls and boys in school, or maybe I have not waited long enough and they'll be here soon.

However, this generation of M. G. R.'s seems amply able to keep up the pace in our absence. I canont see that the letters have lost zest or interest with the passing of the days, and I am very glad, for such interchange of thought smooths our rough edges and makes us more tolerant of one another's whims and prejudices. While the present-day M. G. R.'s may not have even the faintest memory of such a very ancient dame in the archives of the circle, I can still subscribe myself a true M. G. R.—Helen.

I scarcely know whether to write to the M. G. R. or to the Cozy Corner. I could write to either, because I am young and enjoy all the amusements of youth, and at the same time I manage a home, do all the housework, care for two little people, and sew and mend for the family. Our mother has left us and has gone to her home beyond the clouds. She was a true mother in every way, and set an example which, I am sure, all of her family will ever remember.

I have very little time for reading, which I regret very much, as I love to read. My favorite poet is Longfellow. His poems are so true to life and so much easier understood than those of most poets. Where could one find anything more beautiful than Evangeline? As a usual thing, I like prose better than verse.

I am thankful I have never cultivated a taste for poor literature, such as the love stories in the cheap story papers with which the country is overflowing. It is not the love story I object to. To read of some fair maid who is true to her lover, and of the man who dares all for a woman's honor, teaches us to be true and honest, but where there is fighting, murder, kidnaping, stabbing, and so on, the story would best be consigned to the flames. I have read A Knight of the Nineteenth Century, and think it is an excellent book.

N. Y. Bach., I would like to shake hands with you. I know we can control our temper, if we only make up our minds to do so.

Poor Oregon Bach., I knew how it would go with him when he wrote his nice letter to The Blade.

J. A. K. of Pa., I enjoyed your letter so much. It is not often we read such letters from the boys. Are you near Pittsburg? Perhaps we are not far apart.

Elva Tate, I believe we are almost neighbors. How do you know you will be an old maid? Some day your knight will come riding by and claim you. He will be lucky, for all Pennsylvania girls are jewels; don't you think so, Mrs. Nugent?

Why, Kid, you are a dear, and I am sure your husband thinks so, too.—May Belle.

I live in the country, and although it is very muddy in winter, I prefer it to the city. It has been raining in torrents here all day, and accordingly it is very disagreeable, but just think, we saw almost a dozen robins and one red bird in our front yard, so you may know we feel a great deal more cheerful than before we saw them.

I see one of your principal themes is reading. I am a great reader, and I think there is nothing so harmful as a bad novel, if people are easily influenced. Religious novels may be all right. I have read a great many myself, but I do not think one should make a practice of reading novels.

I am eighteen, but have never joined a church, although I intend to before many years. I am a lover of music, but am not a musician. Am fond of reading Cherokee Girl's letters, as they are so interesting.

For the most part my days are spent in housework and sewing.—Harriet Myrick.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Clara from Ohio contributes this:—I have not seen many letters from Ohio in the M. G. R., though there have been a good many from West Va. I am very much interested in Black-Eyed Clara's letters. Like her, I am very fond of music and books, but my favorite book is the Bible, and I try to live a Christian life.

An Illinois Girl tells us this about herself:—I live in the country about two miles from town. I am seventeen years old. I agree with what Boy of Illinois said in regard to young men blowing tobacco smoke in a girl's face. If a girl would say, and keep to it, that "lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine," there would much less sorrow and misery in the world.

I live in the outskirts of the city of Dunkirk, which is located in a very picturesque part of New York state. Dunkirk has a population of about 20,000 and has been greatly improved by a belt trolley line. We have a nice summer resort here called Point Gratiot, where there are all sorts of summer park diversions.—Myrtus Bradley.

I live in the southeastern part of the Buckeye state, in Meigs county, about ten miles from Pomeroy, our county seat. My mother died when I was seven years old and my aunt and uncle took my younger brother and me to raise. They have kept us ever since. I am 18 years old and am five feet five inches tall. I have dark brown hair, blue eyes and light complexion. I don't know anything about novels, as my aunt and uncle never have any in their house, so I guess the best book for us to read is the Bible. My greatest pleasure is singing. I love music of all kinds. We have an organ and a guitar. —May from Ohio.

I have been watching to see if a "big boy" might join your ranks. I am teaching school. To illustrate how good my pupils are, I will give you one day's experience. I was sick one morning and sent a message that I could not teach. One of the advanced pupils took up the work, and the others promised to do their best. I was able to visit the school in the afternoon, where a number of happy children greeted me with the report of a good day's work.—J. R. H., of Alabama.

My father has taken The Blade ever since I can remember. He says he used to enjoy the writings of Petroleum V. Nasby very much. I believe it was a long time ago when his writings were in the paper.

I live on a farm, and while I enjoy the freedom of outdoor life and the pure air, I prefer the town, as the country is dull at times, and in a large town we have every advantage. We take a great many of the leading magazines and daily papers, and have telephones, all of which keep us in touch with the outside world. —Egyptian.

I have seen but one letter from the boys of Illinois, so I thought I would write one. I live in Vermillion county, Ill., where I go to a country school. I have been in the advanced class for four years and I am going to take central examination this year. I expect to be a teacher. I do not use tobacco in any form. We have an acre of strawberries, and some raspberries and black berries. We have a team of ponies for driving. I have five brothers, four sisters and one nephew. I should like to hear from more of the Illinois boys.—Johnny Jump Up.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

The past week's mail has brought us letters from Pine Grover, Seventeen-Year-Old Schoolma'am, Ambition, A Hello Girl, West Va., Tutor, Mamie A. Brown, Flo, Crystal City Kid, A Lonely Farmer's Daughter, West Va. Boy, Telegrapher, and Mamma's Pet.

Peggy—Will you send your address to Miss Prudence?

Volunteer Boy—Thank you, very much for your letter and the photograph. The picture is clear enough for reproduction, but why didn't you have one that is full grown? I should like to have the view you speak of.

The True Story of Evangeline

The sad story of this Acadian maiden was told about rude hearthstones up and down the Bayou Teche long before Longfellow immortalized it in his sympathetic love poem. Indeed, the youth who told the story, as he had heard it at home, to Longfellow, is still living today. Edward Simon, now Judge Simon, one of the leading jurists of Louisiana, was under Mr. Longfellow's instruction at Harvard, and happened one day to tell him some of the tales that have been identified with the Teche country since it was first settled by its different bands of picturesque adventurers. Among these stories, that of Evangeline made the strongest impression upon the poet professor. From the same source he heard of the wonderful beauty of Louisiana prairie lands, the proper stage setting for a legend that offered to him wide scope for his romantic genius.

The tale that Judge Simon told Longfellow was one he had often heard from "Cajun" lips—the maiden in the case being called Emeline Labiche, and her lover, Louis Arceneaux. After the despoiling of Grande Pre, Emeline saw Louis wounded and borne away on a strange ship. She herself drifted to Maryland and then later to Louisiana, even as Longfellow describes, looking for her lover. At last she met him under an oak that still stands on the banks of the bayou near St. Martinville. Because of her gentleness and religious devotion she had been renamed in the meantime by her companions, "Evangeline," which means "God's little angel." They still tell, the old "Cajun" grandes meres, how she almost died of joy at the sight of the lover for whom she had sought so long.

But Louis, the story goes, "manlike, had forgotten to grieve," and when Evangeline ran to him, calling him "beloved," his face went white with anguish as he confessed his unworthiness and told her his heart now belonged to another. The shock unhinged the mind of the maiden, and although she lived for several years after that, she always fancied herself still a girl of sixteen, as she wandered up and down the banks of the shining bayou, plucking wild flowers and talking to herself of the happy day when she should find Louis. It was Judge Simon who described to Longfellow the eden of Louisiana so graphically that he was enabled to sketch pen pictures of it with a fidelity that makes it almost unbelievable that he had never seen the Teche, nor known the charm and mystery that brood over the prairie lands of Louisiana.—The Craftsman.

THE POETS' CORNER

Rock Me to Sleep.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight;
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years,
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed, and faded our faces between!
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I tonight for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in the days that are flown
No love like mother love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures—
Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er the heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead tonight
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet vision of yore;
Lovingly, softly its bright billows sweep;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Answer to "Rock Me to Sleep."

Yes, darling one, I will rock thee to sleep;
Stay not to murmur nor sadly to weep,
Smile, though thy pathway be rugged and cold,
Soon shall I greet thee in Heaven's sweet fold;
Cease thy repining, for trouble must come,
Where'er on earth, thou shall find thee a home;
Over life's desert the shadows will creep,
In realms of joy I will rock thee to sleep.

No love like that of thy mother thou'lt find,
No hand to guide thee, no ties that will bind,
No eyes to watch thee, and no heart to love,
As love the angels in mansions above;
Still doth my heart sweetly roam to my child,
When tempest comes, and when life's night is wild,
Over my darling my fond watch I'll keep,
In realms of joy I will rock thee to sleep.

Soon wilt thou cross the dark river of death,
E're long thou'lt feel the great Reaper's cold breath;
Angels shall bear thee from life's cheerless shore,
To realms where beauty shall fade never more.
Sweet songs shall greet thee, bright forms appear;
Never more care and grief's shadows thou'lt fear,
But where dwells happiness lasting and deep;
Gladly my loved one, I rock thee to sleep.

Mountain Railroad.

Life is like a mountain railroad
With an engineer that's brave.
We must make the run successful
From the cradle to the grave;
Watch the curves, the fills and the tunnels;
Never falter, never fail—
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the rail.

Blessed Saviour, Thou wilt guide us
Till we reach that blissful shore,
Where the angels wait to join us
In thy praise for evermore.

You will roll up grades of trial,
You will cross the bridge of strife,
See that Christ is your conductor,
On this lightning train of life.
Always mindful of obstructions,
Do your duty, never fail—
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the rail.

You will often find obstructions,
Look for storms of wind and rain.
On a curve, or fill, or trestle,
They will almost ditch your train.
Put your trust alone in Jesus,
Never falter, never fail—
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the rail.

As you roll across the trestle
Spanning Jordan's swelling tide,
You behold the union depot
Into which your train will glide;
There you'll behold the superintendent,
God the father, God the son,
With a joyous plaudit,
Weary pilgrim welcome home.

Hang Up Baby's Stocking.

Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget,
The dear little dimpled darling
Has never seen Christmas yet;

But I told him all about it,
And he opened his big, blue eyes;
I'm sure he understood it,
He looked so funny and wise.

Oh, what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little toes as baby's
Safe from the frost and cold.

But then, for the baby's Christmas
It never will do at all,
For Santa Claus wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what will do for baby,
I've thought of a first-rate plan;
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma—
The longest that ever I can.

And you shall hang it by mine, mother,
Right here on the corner—so;
And write a letter for baby
And fasten upon the toe.

"Old Santa Claus, this is a stocking
Hung up for our baby, dear;
You never have seen our darling,
He hasn't been with us a year.

"But he is a beautiful baby;
And now, before you go,
Please cram this stocking with presents,
From the top of it down to the toe."

Mary of the Wild Moor.

It was on one cold winter's night,
As the wind blew across the wild moor,
When Mary came wandering home with her babe
'Til she came to her own father's door,
"O, Father; Dear Father!" she cried,
"Come down and open the door,
Or the child in my arms will perish and die
By the winds that blow across the wild moor."

Oh! why did I leave this dear spot
Where once I was happy and free,
Now doomed to roam without friends or a home,
And no one to take pity on me.
The old man was deaf to her cries,
Not a sound of her voice reached his ears,
But the watch dog did howl and the village bell tolled
And the wind blew across the wild moor.

But how must the old man have felt,
When he came to the door in the morn,
Poor Mary was dead, but the child was alive
Closely pressed in its dead mother's arms.
Half frantic he tore his gray hair,
And the tears down his cheeks they did pour
Saying, "This cold winter's night she perished and died
By the wind that blew across the wild moor!"

The old man in grief pined away,
And the child to its mother went soon,
And no one they say has lived there to this day,
And the cottage to ruin has gone.
The villagers point out the spot
Where the willow droops over the door,
Saying, "There Mary died, a gay village bride,
By the wind that blew across the wild moor."

Wine and Cider in the Cellar.

Say, darkies, hab you seen dat massa,
Wid de mustache on his face,
Goin' up de road some time dis mornin'
Like he's gwine to leave de place;
He seen de smoke 'way up de ribber,
Where de Linkum gunboat lay,
He took his hat and he left mighty sudden
An' I tink he's run away.

CHORUS.

O de massa's run, ha, ha!
An' de darky stay, ho, ho!
It mus' be now dat de kingdom's comin',
In de year of jubilo.

He's three foot one way and six foot toder,
An' he weighs three hundred pound,
His coat's so big he couldn't pay de tailor,
An' it woulden go half way round;
He drills so much dey called him captain,
An' he growed so dreadful tan,
I spect he'll try to fool those Yankees
Fer to tink he's a counterband.

De darkies dey got lon'some libbin'
In de log house on de lawn,
Dey moved deir tings to massa's parlor,
Fer to keep it while he's gone;
Dar's wine and cider in de cellar,
An' de darkies dey'll have some,
I spect it'll all be confiscated,
When de Linkum sojiers come.

An' de oberseer he gave us trubble
An' he dribed us aroun' by spells,
We've locked him up in de smokehouse cellar,
Wid de keys throwed in de well;
Now de whip is lost and de han'cuffs broken
An' de massa shall hab his pay,
His big enuff, he's old enuff, an' ought to knowed better,
Den to went an' runned away.

The Dying Californian.

Lie up nearer, brother, nearer;
For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer
When thine arms around me fold.
I am dying, brother, dying,
Soon you'll miss me from your berth;
For my form will soon be lying
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken;
I have something I would say
Ere the veil my vision darken
And I go from hence away;
I am going, surely going,
But my hope in God is strong;
I am willing, brother, knowing
That He doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him
That in death I pray'd for him—
Pray'd that I might one day meet him
In a world that's free from sin;
Tell my mother (God assist her
Now that she is growing old)—
Tell, her child would glad have kiss'd her
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper,
'Tis my wife I'd speak of now;
Tell, oh, tell her how I miss'd her
When the fever burn'd my brow;
Tell her, brother (closely listen,
Don't forget a single word),
That in death my eyes did glisten
With the tears her mem'ry stirr'd.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impress'd;
Hold them as when last I held them,
Folded closely to my breast;
Give them early to their Maker,
Putting all her trust in God,
And He never will forsake her,
For He's said so in His word.

O my children! Heaven bless them!
They were all my life to me;
Would I could once more caress them
Ere I sink beneath the sea;
'Twas for them I cross'd the ocean,
What my hopes were I'll not tell,
But I've gain'd an orphan's portion,
Yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sister I remember
Ev'ry kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender
By the thoughts their mem'ry stirr'd;
Tell them I ne'er reach'd the haven
Where I sought the "precious dust,"
But I gain'd a port called Heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance,
For they'll find their brother there;
Faith in Jesus and repentance
Will secure for each a share.
Hark! I hear my Savior speaking,
'Tis His voice I know so well.
When I'm gone, oh, don't be weeping,
Brother, here's my last farewell!

Under the Daisies.

I have just been learning the lesson of life,
The sad, sad lesson of loving,
And all of its power for pleasure or pain,
Been slowly and sadly proving;
And all that is left, of the bright, bright dream,
With its thousand brilliant phases,
Is a handful of dust in a coffin laid—
A coffin under the daisies.
The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies.

And thus forever throughout the world,
Is love a sorrow proving;
There's many a sad, sad thing in life,
But the saddest of all is loving.
Love often divides, far wider than death—
Stern fortune the high wall raises;
But better far than two hearts estranged,
Is a low grave starred with daisies.
The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies.

And so I am glad we lived as we did,
Through the summer of love together,
And that one of us, weary, lay down to rest
Ere the coming of wintry weather.
For the sadness of love, is love's growing cold,
And 'tis one of its surest phases;
So I bless my God with a breaking heart,
For that grave enstarred with daisies.
The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies.

POEMS WANTED.

A fairy song by David Starr Jordan is asked for. It contains these lines:

Want to go to Goblin town?
Just one way;
Just you take some pitch dark night—

The Last Rose of Summer and Annie Laurie are asked for.

The song, The Little White Rose, is asked for. These lines belong to it:

I have a white rose yet,
And I never shall forget,
To wear it as long as she is true.

A LITTLE CHAT.

It is impossible to publish any new requests for poems at present. The old ones, which have been waiting for so long, must come first. For a time there will be very few requests, either old or new, published, as we have a large number of poems which should be printed.

Poems received in answer to last week's requests are: Come Home; On the Banks of the Wabash; Columbia, the Free; A Firm Bank.

Are You Sick.

I WILL HELP YOU

reatment
nd letter
f advice is
REE

Send no money
Write today

Dr. Kidd

A Free Treatment To All Who Ask

If you are sick—if you suffer—if you are afflicted with any ailment—if you are worn out, tired or failing—if you have an ache or pain—if you need medical advice—if you are not in perfect health—if you lack the energy, vim, vigor and "go" that make life worth living; whether you are rich or poor—old or young—man or woman, *read* what I have to say, *hear* what I have to offer you.

Positive Proof Without Price

I have probably had more experience and more success than any living physician, but I don't ask you to believe that. I don't ask you to believe that my remedies are better than others. I don't ask you to take my word for anything. But I *do* ask you to give me a chance to prove my ability—to prove what my treatment will do for you—to prove that I can cure you—and to prove it at my own expense—to pay the cost, every penny of it myself. I ask permission to send you—to deliver into your hands—absolutely without cost to you a proof treatment that will convince you. Remedies that have cured thousands, remedies that I believe will cure you.

May I Send The Proof?

This is all I ask. No money—No promises to buy—No C.O.D.—No papers. On the virtue of my treatment I base my reputation. On your gratitude and honesty I base my hope of reward. I hold the record of thousands of cures—not "some better," but cured to stay cured—restored to perfect health. Is the prospect of being hearty and strong and big and well worth a few minutes of your time and a two-cent stamp? That's all it costs. Don't let the opportunity pass.

All Diseases All afflictions that can be cured by medicine—many that others consider incurable—no matter how many remedies you have vainly tried—no matter how many other doctors have failed. Curing desperate chronic cases is my specialty. Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, All Diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Catarrh, Diseases of the Bladder and Prostate Gland, Nervousness, All Female Troubles, Weak Lungs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Chronic Coughs, All Skin Diseases, Scrofula, Impure Blood, Partial Paralysis, Piles, Heart Disease, Lumbago, Anaemia, General Debility. All Chronic Ailments are being cured every day. Thousands have been cured in the past—many just like your case. Won't you let me try to cure you?

The Proof Is Free This is all you have to do—Write me a description of your case—write me fully and freely—tell me as much about your condition as you can. Careful attention to each case has helped to make me successful. I want to succeed in your case—I want you to help me. Tell me how you are, and by return mail I will send you the proof treatment, sealed in a plain wrapper, postage paid, and free—free to you—free to any afflicted friend or neighbor. It may mean long life, health—strength—vigor—to you, if you write me today. You have nothing to lose, everything to gain. Address

DR. JAMES W. KIDD
1657 Kidd Bldg. FT. WAYNE, IND.

NOTE: We have known Dr. Kidd for years—we know that he will do exactly what he promises. If in need of treatment you should accept his generous offer

DIE IN SUICIDE PACT

Last to Court Death Keeps Names a Secret.

17-Year-Old Girl Will Recover and Face Charge of Attempting Suicide.

New York, March 14.—A startling story of how five young girls who came to New York from St. Paul little more than a year ago, died each by her own hand, was told today by 17-year-old Helen Baxter, after she had made a vain effort to end her own life. Helen said she was one of the party of six girls who came to New York to make their way in the world after receiving a course of training in a business college in the Minnesota city. She turned on the gas in her room last night, but was found this morning in time for her life to be saved.

When asked why she had tried to end her life, the girl astonished the ambulance surgeon and others who had crowded around, by her story of the fate of her friends.

"Why should I not be allowed to die?" she asked. "My five girl friends who left St. Paul with me a year ago, after we left school, have all committed suicide. I want to die as they died and join them."

"Was it a suicide pact?" she was asked.

"My five friends are all dead, and they died as they chose," was her reply.

The girl refused to give the names of any of her girl friends.

A short time after their arrival in New York, she said, one of the girls married. She did not live happily with her husband, however, and killed herself a few months afterwards.

In the meantime another girl had been seeking employment without success. She sought death, and found it by the same means her friend had used.

The next to go in the same way, according to Helen's story, was one of the girls who had fallen a victim to a man's false friendship. With three of their companions dead, the three that remained worried constantly, and when hard times came and employment was hard to find, two of the three voluntarily followed their friends to the grave. That left Helen alone.

Then a man came into her life. The man was represented to her as immensely wealthy, she said, and for a time she was happy. Then he suddenly sailed for Europe. She had nothing more to live for after that, she said, and decided to join her five friends in death.

Helen said her father is dead, but that her mother still lives in St. Paul. She refused to give her mother's address. When it was found that the girl would recover she was taken to a police station and locked up charged with attempted suicide.

In the girl's room was found several picture postal cards from South Bend, Ind., and one from Revere, Mass.

VICTIMS OF CONSPIRACY

Barns of Nine Mennonites Destroyed by Fire.

Lancaster, Pa., March 12.—The burning of the barn on the farm of Bishop Abram B. Herr, at West Willow, Tuesday, through which a loss of $15,000 was entailed, has developed what is believed to be a conspiracy against the Mennonite clergy and other members of that faith in Lancaster county.

Yesterday's fire was the ninth of a series within a short period of time in Pequea and West Lampeter townships, and all the structures destroyed were of unusual value for farm properties. In the last eighteen months the barns of five Mennonite ministers, all but one of whom live in the same section, have been burned, and this is believed to be ample ground for the suspicion that there is a peculiar enmity existing against the ministers of this faith.

The Mennonites do not seek justice or redress in the courts, their faith being opposed to such proceedings.

RUNAWAY PASTOR NOT IN WANT

Cooke Says No Man Can Buck the World—Tired of Being Outcast.

San Francisco, March 14.—Jere Knode Cooke, the deposed pastor of the Episcopal church at Hempstead, L. I., who eloped with Floretta Whaley, about a year ago, and who, it is said, telegraphed yesterday to Mrs. Kezieh Whaley, the girl's grandmother, for help and that he and family were ill and destitute, was located in this city last night. The couple were found living in a suite of rooms on Masonic avenue, well, to all appearance, and with comfortable surroundings.

The baby alone looked pale and peeked, but the parents attributed this to the hot weather.

In an interview the former pastor admitted that he had telegraphed for help, and admitted that the struggle of life had been too much for him and that he had made a failure of everything.

"We are different from the others," said Cooke. "We cannot ask friends to hedp us, because we threw aside friends. We laughed at the world—and the world will laugh at us. Lately I have begun to realize that no man, however strong he may be or however great may be his incentive, can buck the world. It is older than us and stronger."

In reply to the question: "You are comfortable and seemingly have all you want?" he said: "It is not a matter of material comfort; it's the knowledge that one is an outcast. It is the understanding that to the kind-hearted you are an object of charitable curiosity and to the others just a simple cad. These are things which no man can fight, and I am just tired."

Cooke has some friends who say that as soon as it is known that he is in want there will be no trouble about his getting everything that he needs. They say that it is only by reason of the fact that he has not told anyone of his straits that he is in trouble.

CHEAPER TO LIVE THAN YEAR AGO

Prices, However, Still Forty Per Cent. Above Low Levels of July, 1906.

New York, March 14.—According to Bradstreet's, it is cheaper to live now than it was 33 months ago, but prices are still 40 per cent. higher than the low level recorded on July 1, 1896.

It was a year ago this month when the highest general level of prices for foodstuffs, textiles, coal and other commodities was reached. Since then they have dropped 12.5 per cent., the decrease being fairly evenly distributed from month to month.

There have been some 30 increases, but Bradstreet's records show that 63 products, including provisions and textiles, cost less than last March. Of the 30 products that are higher some are sugar, tea, potatoes, apples, wheat, corn, oats and barley, soft coal and petroleum.

The low price average of this month, however, is only comparative, and if the drop is limited to 1 per cent. a month, as for the year past, more than three years must elapse before the lowest recorded price average is reached.

In averaging fluctuations of prices, Bradstreet's uses an index figure representing a compilation of costs of more than 100 commodities. The record goes back 16 years.

Prices for 13 staples show that 10 out of the group decreased during February. One remained unchanged and two went higher.

The textile group showed the greatest weakness, with provisions a close second. Live stock and metals advanced and fruits remained unchanged.

SEND US A TRIAL ORDER FOR

Hayner Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND

It is delicious—one of the choicest whiskies we ever distilled. It is absolutely pure—fully aged, full strength and full measure as shown by the U. S. Government's official stamp over the cork of every bottle.

4 FULL QUARTS $3.20
WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES.

We ship direct from our distillery to you—saving you all the dealer's profits and giving you this highest grade whiskey at the distiller's price.

It MUST please you—or money back.

OUR OFFER We will send you FOUR full quart bottles of HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY in a plain case, no marks to show contents, for $3.20 and we will pay the express charges. Try it—every bottle if you like. If it is not perfectly satisfactory send it back at our expense and your $3.20 will be returned by first mail.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex. Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid, or 20 Quarts for $15.20 by Freight Prepaid. Address our NEAREST Shipping Depot.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY, DIV. 6539
DAYTON, O. ST. LOUIS, MO. ST. PAUL, MINN. CHATTANOOGA, TENN.
179 Established, 1866. Capital, $500,000.00, paid in full.

WALSH GETS FIVE YEARS

Chicago Banker Must Go to Fort Leavenworth.

Walsh Is Released Under Bonds of $50,000, Pending Hearing of His Appeal.

Chicago, March 13.—John R. Walsh, former president of the Chicago National bank of this city, and convicted of illegal use of the funds of that institution, was today denied a new trial by Judge Anderson, of the United States district court, and sentenced to serve five years in the federal prison at Fort Leavenworth.

As soon as the court had announced his decision refusing to grant a new trial, the attorneys for the defense entered an action in arrest of judgment.

It was the general opinion that counsel for the defense would consume considerable time in arguing the motion for arrest of judgment, but after Attorney Hart had spoken for thirty minutes the court interrupted him, saying:

"I think you may place those matters before the court of appeals, Mr. Hart, you are making no showing here."

Nothing to Say.

Turning to the prisoner, Judge Anderson said:

"Mr. Walsh, have you anything to say why I should not now pronounce judgment upon you?"

Walsh, without rising, shook his head slightly, and the court said:

"The character of the evidence and the character of the crime of which this defendant has been found guilty call for extreme judgment. The facts are, however, that this defendant is 70 years old, and that mere imprisonment is of itself so heavy punishment in a case of this kind, I have concluded that the law will be satisfied with the minimum penalty, which is five years."

The court further declared that all the counts in the indictment be served concurrently, and further directed that the defendant pay the entire cost of the trial.

An application was immediately made to Judge Grosscup, of the United States circuit court of appeals, for a supersedeas, which was granted, and Walsh was released under bonds of $50,000, pending the hearing of his appeal.

Discusses Juror's Conduct.

Judge Anderson, in denying the motion for a new trial, spoke without notes, his decision requiring about one hour in delivery. He first took up the question of the alleged non-assent to the verdict on the part of Juror Palmer, reciting the circumstances from the records of the court and declaring:

But One Construction.

"It cannot be said for a moment that Palmer dissented from the verdict. To my mind there is but one construction to be placed upon the whole matter, and that is, that he assented to the verdict. If it had appeared to counsel for the defendant that he did not do so, they should either have asked that the jury be sent back for further deliberation, or that it be discharged. No such request was made, and the court is therefore justified in saying that counsel took, at that time, the same view as was held by the court, and that was that the verdict was entirely regular.

"Much has been said about the inconsistency of the verdict, it being claimed that the defendant was found guilty upon several counts which charge the offense to have been committed in different ways. It seems to me that the verdict covers all the points in the case, and that there has been no inconsistency as alleged."

On the point of alleged error committed during the trial, the judge said:

"Generally speaking, I want to say now that this defendant has had a fair trial. Nowhere did the court allow evidence to go before this jury which was calculated alone to prejudice the case of the defendant.

Disregard of Law.

"In my opinion, no reasonable man could hear the evidence in this case and have any doubt that the defendant did do the things that are charged against him in the indictment. For more than 30 years I have taken part in legal procedure as a lawyer and a judge, and it is my deliberate conviction that a more reckless, utter disregard of law has never been shown in any case within my experience. Feeling thus, it was with considerable misgiving, if I may so speak, that I sat here yesterday for more than three hours and heard counsel for the defendant argue that the government had failed to show the criminal intent."

JOHN R. WALSH.

OUT UNDER BIG BOND

Is Released After Spending Ten Months in Jail.

Prosecution May Take Steps to Immediately Push Other Cases Against Ex-Mayor.

San Francisco, March 11.—Eugene Schmitz, former mayor of this city, was released from jail yesterday, where he has been confined for the past ten months, a free man until he again comes to the bar of justice to face the thirty-nine indictments which are still pending against him, and upon which he had to furnish $345,000 bail before being released from custody.

Pursuant to the order of the higher tribunal, Judge Dunne, of the superior court, before whom Schmitz was tried and convicted, dismissed the indictment in the extortion cases and ordered Schimtz discharged, but at the same time he directed that the extortion case be submitted to the new grand jury for the purpose of having a new indictment found.

District Attorney Langdon would not say last night what steps would be taken to bring the extortion matter to the attention of the present grand jury, but it is probable, in view of the court's suggestion, that it will be laid before the inquisitorial body without loss of time.

"Ideal Bachelor" Wed 7 Years; Fact Is Disclosed by Will

Philadelphia, March 16.—By the filing of his will and the subsequent appearance of his widow at the city hall as testatrix for his estate, it was disclosed that William Fisher Lewis, society leader, scion of a noted Quaker City family and known in two continents as "the ideal bachelor," had been married for seven years without the knowledge of either his family or fellow club members. His widow is a matron of middle age, formerly Miss Emily C. Bentzon, a housekeeper at the Hotel Malvern, Bar Harbor, Me. She comes of a New England family.

Kept Wedding Secret.

Until his death in the apartments of his wife, in the Hotel Marseille, New York, ten days ago, not even a member of his family or one of his hundreds of acquaintances knew of his romantic wedding with his housekeeper. Then, with his decease in New York, a brother, Samuel N. Lewis, almost equally prominent as William Fisher Lewis, was confronted by the wife. The Philadelphian had hurried from this city at a telegram announcing the death.

As he entered one of the rooms of a lavishly furnished apartment, Mrs. Lewis advanced to meet him.

"Who are you?" she curtly demanded.

"Samuel N. Lewis, a brother of William Fisher Lewis," he replied. "And now, then will you be so good as to tell me who you are and what you are doing here?"

"I am Mrs. Lewis, your sister-in-law," she said. "I am the widow of Mr. Lewis."

Mr. Lewis demanded to see proof of the marriage. In a second she held before his eyes a marriage certificate signed by a clergyman.

Possibly Philadelphia society leaders have not had as great a shock for years as that with the disclosure of the marriage of Mr. Lewis. A member of one of the aristocratic families of the city and a member of a half dozen of the most exclusive clubs of the city, he was invited to every social event of the year. He was a cultured man, and his presence as an entertainer for society debutantes was much in demand.

Was Called "Ideal."

Because of his professed love for his bachelor quarters and his open declaration that Cupid could never lure him into marriage, he was made the subject of a series of magazine and newspaper stories on the life of an ideal bachelor.

Mr. Lewis, who was 59 years old and resided at No. 2109 Walnut street, with his mother and sister, Miss Nina F. Lewis. He was a member of the Philadelphia club, Rabbit club, of the Society of Colonial Wars, Sons of the Revolution, Society of the State in Schuylkill and the First City Troop. His father, the late George T. Lewis, was wealthy and the family has been prominent in the city's fashionable circles for generations.

Mrs. Lewis is only 35 years old, pretty and vivacious.

AEROPLANE'S TEST FLIGHT A SUCCESS

Bell's Heavier-Than-Air Machine Sails Over Lake Keuka—Has Accident.

Hammondsport, N. Y., March 13.—Prof. Alexander Graham Bell's new aeroplane, the "Red Wing," was given its test flight over Lake Keuka yesterday by F. W. Baldwin, the engineer in charge of its construction. The machine was built by the Aerial Experiment Association, for Lieut. Thomas Selfridge, U. S. A. The aerodrome, after gliding over the ice on Lake Keuka for about 200 feet, rose gently to the height of about 10 feet and sailed at that elevation for a distance of 319 feet, at the rate of from 25 to 30 miles an hour. After having covered this distance a portion of the "tail" gave way and the aerodrome was brought down for repairs. This is declared to be the first successful public flight of a heavier than air flying machine in America. The flight was witnessed by a number of people from Hammondsport.

The aerodrome was propelled by a forty-horse power eight cylinder air-cooled motor weighing 145 pounds. The propeller was made of two blades of steel measuring six feet two inches in diameter, having a pitch of four feet and weighing 10 pounds. The aerodrome proper weighs 195 pounds, the engine and apparatus about 200 pounds and the operator 175 pounds, thus giving the entire machine and operator a weight of 560 pounds. The total supporting surface, including tail and rudder was 453 square feet, which gives a flying weight of 123 pounds per square foot.

The main wingpiece of the aerodrome consists of two superposed surfaces, leaving a spread of 45 feet from tip to tip and an average depth from fore to aft of five feet three inches. The surfaces are of the double wire design and are bowed laterally.

The experiment was declared to be highly satisfactory in every way except for the minor accident to the "tail."

300 FAMILIES HOMELESS

Fire Destroys Three-fourths of Montana Town.

Butte, Mont., March 14.—Fire destroyed three-fourths of Big Timber, Mont., making 300 families homeless and causing $150,000 damages. The fire raged for seven hours during a gale, and not infrequently the flames would leap a block at a time, licking up dwelling after dwelling. Early in the struggle control of the fire was lost and a special train with fire apparatus was hurried from Livingston, about thirty miles west of Big Timber.

The fire started in the stock yards of the Northern Pacific company, and from there spread to a dwelling in the outskirts of town. Thence it was carried from house to house until the business quarter was reached.

The flames cut a swath more than a block wide through the business portion of the town. The wind then veered, and the flames were driven back, destroying the buildings which had escaped the first sweep. At one time the town was burning at three different places.

Water became exhausted, handicapping the fire fighters. Women joined in the struggle and carried food to the men while they fought the flames. The fire fighters finaly massed forces around the First National bank, where the blaze was finally extinguished.

FIRE DAMAGE IS $400,000

Block of Buildings Covering 22 Acres Burned.

Lyons, France, March 16.—The fire which broke out last night in a big biscuit factory here and which spread over a block of buildings covering 22 acres, was gotten under control when $400,000 damage had been done.

YOUNG PRINCE DEAD.

Cannes, March 16.—Prince Stephan, the five-year-old son of Prince Mirko, of Montenegro, died here today.

IOWA WOMAN'S CURIOSITY COST HER $5

"Is Your Hair Real?" She Asked Girl on the Street—Is Fined.

New York, March 13.—Mrs. Frederick Keintzinger is a stranger here. When at home in a little town in Iowa, folks are sociable and don't object to answering a few simple questions, even on the street. But then there are none of them pesky street cars in Mrs. Keintzinger's town to keep a body's nerves on the jump all the time and make them mean and disagreeable.

Mrs. Keintzinger and her husband were walking along Broadway early this morning watching the play of the electric signs and noting the size of the buildings, when, at Twenty-ninth street, Miss Sophie Wilson, of No. 331 West Twenty-seventh street, happened along. Miss Wilson is the proud possessor of a wondrously beautiful coiffure, and this attracted Mrs. Keintzinger's eye. Being a frank, outspoken soul, she marched right up to Miss Wilson and said:

"Tell me, my dear, is that your own hair?"

Miss Wilson stopped all of a sudden and gasped:

"Wh-wh-what?" She demanded, and a passerby shuddered at the awful, steely tone in her voice.

"Why, I asked if your hair was real," Mrs. Keintzinger went on, smiling one of her best Iowa smiles. "If it isn't real I wish you'd tell me where you get it. Oh, and how do you make it curl like that. I never could. Oh, my dear, you don't know how I've tried. Back in Iowa——"

It so happened that a strong-armed policeman and several bystanders passed along just then and Mrs. Keintzinger, Miss Wilson and Mr. Keintzinger were able to go to Magistrate Steinert's court without the assistance of an ambulance. There Mrs. Keintzinger admitted her innocent curiosity had offended Miss Wilson, and she and her husband were fined $5 each.

"Some folks are awful techy," opined Mrs. Keintzinger, as she and her husband left the court room.

EPILEPSY ITS

If you suffer from Epileptic Fits or Falling Sickness or have Children that do so, my

New Discovery and Treatment

CURE will give them immediate relief, and all you are asked to do is to send for

Free Bottle of Epileptiolde Cure

and Test it. Complete directions with Free Treatment, also testimonials and 64 page book, "Epilepsy Explained," free by mail. Give AGE and full address. DR. MAY, M. D. 548 Pearl Street, New York. Name this paper which I am

DIERS BURN 5 BARNS

t Wires in Order to Prevent Calling of Aid.

Versailles, Ky., March 14.—Three rns in Woodford county and one just oss the line in Scott were burned ear- today by masked men. The men were horse-back, and in buggies, the party mbering not more than fifty. A num- r of shots were fired, but as far as s known nobody was hurt. The rns destroyed were the property of rge Strange, on the Harris estate, r Midway; Hardi Rogers, on the ker place, in Scott county; Captain mes Williams, former owner of the e horse Ram's Horn, at Spring Sta- n; George Graddy, on the Field turn- e.

The men came from the direction of tt county. They cut all telephone es and the amount of damage is not known.

Governor Willson and party of legisla- s were returning from Lexington to nkfort on a trolley car and passed "night riders" without knowing it, r McKee's Crossroads.

No Clue to Riders.

Lexington, Ky., March 14.—The ght riders" who burned the Graddy other barns also set fire to that of s. Elizabeth Peppin early today. tobacco was destroyed, the crops ing been lately sold out. Preparations were being made for another crop, and that fact is supposed to e led to the fire. The men fired ir revolvers and traveled rapidly. cers from three counties are hunting clues to the incendiaries today.

OSSE CHASES BANDITS

ank at Tyron, Kansas, Robbed of $500 in Cash.

Coffeyville, Kas., March 14.—Three dits yesterday held up and robbed bandits at Tyron, Kan., of $500 and towards Oklahoma. There were ee men in the bank when the outs entered. With drawn revolvers the dits ordered the three men to hold their hands. The order was obeyed. e robbers then gathered up all the ey in sight and rushed out of the k. All three put spurs to their horses escaped. Mounted citizens started pursuit a few minutes after the rob- galloped away.

The bandits hid for a time in a house r Wann, Okla., and fought several sers, killing two horses belonging to nens, and shooting City Marshal , of Wann, through the hand. The dits eluded their pursuers and made wards Bartlesville. A special train has Coffeyville for Dewey, Okla., with armed men determined to run down outlaws.

AGES WILL BE REDUCED

early 25,000 Cotton Mill Employes Affected by Cut.

Lowell, Mass., March 12.—Notices announcing a wage reduction of 10 per cent are posted in seven of the large cotton factories in this city during the noon luncheon hour today. Nearly 25,000 operatives will be affected by the cut down. According to the notices the reduction will become effective March 30.

The manufacturers state that the business outlook is most discouraging and that the situation is without a parallel in many years, the whole cotton manufacturing industry, north and south, being seriously impaired.

It also is stated that further curtailment in production may become necessary.

$10.00 CASH and $10.00 per month will buy a beautiful California Vineyard, the income from which will be sufficient to make you independent for life. Handsome pamphlet, valuable information and contract FREE. Sonoma Valley Improvement Co., St. Louis, Mo.

TWENTY-SIX MEN KILLED IN MINE

Rescue Parties Unable to Reach Entombed Men Before Death Occurred.

Birmingham, March 11.—The long period of anxiety and suspense over the fate of the entombed miners at Hamstead colliery came to a heart-breaking end late last night for the crowds waiting at the mouth of the pit, when it was announced that, despite the most heroic efforts, there was no possibility of any of the men being taken out alive.

Fire broke out in the colliery last Wednesday evening, twenty-six miners being caught. Since then every man available has been engaged day and night in building a new culvert with the object of reversing the ventilation and clearing the shafts of foul fumes. This work meant the removal of hundreds of tons of earth, the installation of new fans and other apparatus, and only today was the system finally found to be working and supplying sufficient cool and pure air to permit exploration.

Hopes ran high, but late last night only one body had been recovered.

As yet there is no trace of the others, and conditions now are such as to preclude the possibility of any of them being brought to the surface alive.

HARRY ORCHARD ENTERS PLEA OF GUILTY

Confesses He Killed Former Governor Steunenberg—Means the Death Sentence.

Caldwell, Idaho, March 11.—Harry Orchard yesterday, before Judge Fremont Wood, in the district court, was allowed to withdraw his former plea of not guilty, entered at his first arraignment, by order of the court when he stood mute and entered a plea of guilty to the charge of murder in the first degree as charged in the indictment. Judge Wood will sentence Orchard on March 18.

Orchard pleaded guilty to having killed former Governor Steunenberg by the explosion of a dynamite bomb at the side gate of his residence here early in the evening of December 30, 1905. He was arrested for the crime on January 2, and in February confessed that he was hired to kill Steunenberg by William D. Haywood, secretary; Charles H. Moyer, president, and George A. Pettibone, honorary member of the Western Federation of Miners. Haywood and Pettibone were tried in Boise and set free. The case against Moyer was dismissed.

Florence Nightingale Honored

London, March 16.—The freedom of the city of London was today bestowed upon Florence Nightingale, the organizer of the nurses in the Crimean war. The ceremony took place in the Guild hall in the presence of a large gathering, which included many doctors and nurses. The aged nurse—Miss Nightingale is in her eighty-eighth year—was too infirm to attend, and was represented by her nephew. The usual costly gold casket was omitted from the ceremony in accordance with Miss Nightingale's wish, and one of oak and bronze substituted, and at her request the $500 usually expended for the golden casket will be given to charity. The lord mayor of London officiated at the ceremony, and among those present were the directors of the general army and navy hospitals, representatives of the Red Cross society, and deputations from several girls' schools.

Sir Joseph Dimsdale, the city chamberlain, in making the presentation explained that the city regretted, by the unexplained omission of a former generation, that Miss Nightingale had not been honored in this way half a century ago.

Fleet's Globe Encircling Cruise as Viewed Abroad

Tokio, March 14.—The official route of the American battleship fleet, on its return to the Atlantic was conveyed to the foreign office today by the Associated Press. Baron Saito, minister of marine, when shown the itinerary, repeated his previous statements and emphasized Japan's desire that the fleet would visit a Japanese port, in order to enable a practical demonstration of the sincerity of Japan's friendship for the United States and the American people to be made. At the foregn office it was said:

"The decision of the American government to send the fleet on a tour of the world should finally silence all war talk. It is a guarantee of the peace of the world."

Military and naval officers are unanimous in propouncing the proposed tour as one of the greatest achievements of history.

England Interested.

London, March 14.—The announcement that the American battleship fleet will return from the Pacific to the Atlantic by way of the Suez canal has created the greatest interest among naval officers here, who are anxious to see the American vessels and observe the effects of the long cruise upon them. The news of the cruise homeward was received too late to get an official opinion, but a prominent naval officer has suggested that the government should send an invitation to the batleships to come to England, or if that should be impossible for them to make an official call at some British port en route home.

As Viewed in Germany.

Berlin, March 14.—The German naval critics are commenting upon the wonderful feat of seamanship displayed in the 14,000-mile voyage of the American battleship fleet, under command of Rear Admiral Evans, and its arrival at Magdalena bay four days ahead of its schedule, without a ship being disabled. They consider it proof of excellent material as well as personnel.

The announcement that the fleet will continue its voyage and thence return homeward through the Suez canal is regarded as the second half of an unexampled voyage by a great war fleet. The newspaper specialists on naval affairs say that these performances are certain to place the American navy on a high level in the world's opinion and that they are likely to add to the esprit de corps for which its personnel long has been famous.

POOR MAN OWES MILLION

Missing Man Leaves Heavy Debts Behind.

Berlin, March 13.—The creditors of Sigmund Friedberg, private banker and owner of a financial newspaper, who disappeared from Berlin early in February, met in this city today to hear the report of the official receiver. They were informed that they would receive about one-quarter of 1 per cent of their claims, the assets of Friedberg being $2,750 and his liabilities $1,000,000.

It appears that Friedberg began his extensive banking, newspaper and brokerage operations on a capital of $250. He complained bitterly, in the beginning of his business career, of having had to pay the inheritance tax on $250,000 from the estate of his mother, and this assisted in inspiring confidence in him. It now appears that his mother never had any estate. Friedberg is still missing.

WAR DEPT. CUT $8,210,611

To Avoid Giving Impression of Preparation for War.

Washington, March 16.—The house sub-committee on fortifications today reported to the full committee the fortification appropriation bill, with the estimates of the war department slashed from $38,443,945 to $8,210,611 on account of the desire of the committee to avoid giving ground for the impression that the United States is preparing for war with Japan. Most of the appropriation is for Hawaii and the Philippines.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

SHOT 2,500 STRIKERS

Most of These Were Killed in Great Conflict.

The Striking Nitrate Workers Had No Opportunity to Fight Back.

San Francisco, Cal., March 12.—Machine guns, operated by the government forces of Chile, in a great conflict with strikers at the nitrate beds and in the city of Iquique, laid 2,500 men low, most of these being killed, according to advices received yesterday by the Norwegian steamer Christian Bors, arriving direct from Chile.

Business at Iquique, which had never before been seriously disturbed by anything but earthquakes, was paralyzed when the great army of workers went on a strike. One fracas after another occurred until soldiers and strikers met in the streets of Iquique and on the outskirts and openly defied each other.

Being ordered to drive the army of men away and disperse them, the soldiers opened fire while they massed and literally mowed down the men. They had little opportunity to fight back, even though they had been armed, the assault upon them was so sudden.

This took place on January 1, and was followed by two or three days of oppressive gloom in the community, while the funerals of the killed were taking place.

A week later, as though by common agreement, the strikers went back to work without the expected advance in wages. It was reported that the mine owners would voluntarily increase the pay of many of their employes.

CATTLE ARE POISONED

First Violence Against Independent Tobacco Growers.

Lexington, Ky., March 13.—Following close on the letter recently mailed in Mt. Sterling and received by farmers of Bath and Montgomery counties, in which arsenic was enclosed with a threat, comes the first report of violence against an independent tobacco grower in the county of Fayette.

An attempt to destroy the herd of cattle belonging to R. L. Squires, whose farm is near Chilesburg, was partially successful. Three cattle are dead from poisoning and six more are in a precarious condition. The timely discovery of paris green in the trough before more feed was put in saved the remainder of the 70 cattle in the feeding pens.

ELEVATOR BOY A HERO

Is Burned, but Rescues Girls From Building.

New York, March 14.—One hundred girl employes of the candy factory of Arthur Essing, 382 Pearl street, were at work today on the fourth and fifth floors when fire was discovered in the bottom of the elevator shaft, preventing their exit by the stairways. While some of the male employes fought the fire Henry Coch, the elevator boy, ran his elevator to the top floor and said to the girls in as cool a manner as he could assume:

"There is a fire in the basement. Maybe you had better let me take you down."

Reassured by his coolness the girls were saved from panic and Coch took five elevator loads of them to the first floor before the flames reached such a height in the elevator that he was compelled to abandon the car. On his last trip the fire burst into the car and burned his hands.

The girls who were not taken out by Coch took to the roof and the fire escapes and reached the ground safely. The fire consumed tons of candy and the firemen were hampered by the dense smoke from it and by the bursting of five lengths of hose under high pressure. The factory, a five story building, was practically destroyed.

Ten Days' Free Trial

allowed on every bicycle we sell. We *Ship on Approval* and trial to anyone in U. S. and *prepay the freight.* If you are not satisfied with bicycle after using it ten days *don't pay a cent.*

Factory Prices *Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our handsome Art Catalogs of high grade bicycles and sundries and learn our new and wonderful factory prices.*

It Only Costs a cent to write a postal and everything will be sent you FREE by return mail. You will get much valuable information. *Do Not Wait; write it Now!*

Tires, Coaster Brakes, single wheels, parts, repairs and sundries at *half usual prices.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. H 64, Chicago

CURED HER CHILDREN

Girls Suffered with Itching Eczema, Which Covered Backs of Heads—Baby Had a Tender Skin, Too.

RELIED ON CUTICURA REMEDIES

"Some years ago my three little girls had a very bad form of eczema. Itching eruptions formed on the backs of their heads which were simply covered. I tried almost everything, but failed. Then my mother recommended the Cuticura Remedies. I washed my children's heads with Cuticura Soap and then applied the wonderful ointment, Cuticura. I did this four or five times and I can say that they have been entirely cured. I have another baby who is so plump that the folds of skin on his neck were broken and even bled. I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and the next morning the trouble had disappeared. Mme. Napoleon Duceppe, 41 Duluth St., Montreal, Que., May 21, 1907."

TERROR REIGNS IN HAITI

Eleven Prominent Politicians Are Shot to Death.

England, France and Germany Have Already Dispatched Cruisers.

Paris, March 16.—The situation between the Haitien government and France has become acute and critical. The French legation at Port-au-Prince is menaced and a general massacre of the white residents of the island is feared. This information was conveyed in an official dispatch to the foreign office from M. Cartron, the French minister to Haiti.

Washington, March 16.—Eleven Haitiens, alleged to be revolutionists, were shot in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, yesterday morning, according to information which reached the state department.

Great excitement prevails in that city and a reign of terror has struck the people. The executions took place before daybreak, and, it is understood, were the acts of the civilian government. Haiti, it is said, contemplates getting rid of all of the refugees in all of the consulates in the island, and an order is expected to be issued today for their embarkation.

May Send Warship.

Information has reached diplomatic channels in Washington that Mr. Borno, the Haitien minister at San Domingo, has accepted the position of minister for foreign affairs, and that General Leconte, the newly appointed minister of the interior, has accepted that portfolio.

In the event it is found desirable to dispatch a war vessel to Port-au-Prince to look after the protection of American interest during the excitement, the navy has almost half a dozen ships that could be sent there without delay. These include the cruisers Tacoma and Des Moines, the former now cruising in the Windward Islands, and the latter at Guantanamo, and the gunboats Dubuque, Marietta and Paducah, all at Guantonamo, engaged in target practice. If conditions at Port-au-Prince get worse a naval vessel will be sent there, but up to this time no orders to that effect have been issued.

Cruisers Are Sent.

London, March 16.—The admiralty this morning sent orders by cable to the British cruisers Indefatigable and Cressy, which are both in West Indian waters, to proceed forthwith to Haiti for the protection of British interests there.

To Protect Germany.

Berlin, March 16.—The German admiralty, upon the request of the foreign office, has ordered the cruiser Bremen, which is at present at Curacoa, to go to Port-au-prince, Haiti, where she is to be at the disposition of the German minister for the protection of German subjects or other foreigners.

The foreign office has been in correspondence with the French government with regard to the political arrests made recently in Haiti and the general situation of unrest that has existed in the island during the past few weeks, and on March 14 the two governments decided upon a course of action. A French cruiser also, it is learned here today, has been ordered to Port-au-Prince.

SAYS RELATIONS FRIENDLY

Takahira Predicts Continued Peace for U. S. and Japan.

New York, March 11.—With declarations that there are now between the United States and Japan no questions of any magnitude likely to remain unsettled much longer and that any questions arising in the future will be brought to satisfactory conclusions by the spirit of friendship existing between the two countries, Baron Kogoro Takahira, Japanese ambassador, called forth prolonged cheers last night at the banquet at the Hotel Astor tendered in his honor by the Japan society of New York.

The Japanese ambassador was speaking of the recent agitation regarding the Japanese immigration question, and his words, spoken before the society, formed to promote friendly relations between the two countries, were taken as a prophecy of continued peace in the Pacific.

GO TO MEET FLEET.

San Diego, Cal., March 11.—The steamer St. Denis sailed last night for Magdalena Bay with members of the committee who will carry San Diego's welcome to Admiral Evans and his men.

It is expected that the St. Denis will reach Magdalena Bay next Saturday.

Free Receipt For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of defident manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and, so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 2938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

PEACE IN FAR EAST

China Concedes Demands and War Prospects Fade.

Officers Who Seized Vessel Will Be Punished — Chinese Salute Jap Flag.

Hong Kong, March 16.—The Japanese steamer Tatsu Maru has been released by the Chinese authorities.

Tokio, March 16.—A satisfactory settlement of the Tatsu affair was announced this afternoon. China has conceded all the Japanese demands. She will purchase the arms and ammunition on board the Tatsu and will hoist the Japanese flag over the vessel. While the flag is reholsting, a Chinese warship will fire a salute.

There is a general feeling of relief in consequence of the settlement of the incident.

Terms of Settlement.

Peking, March 16.—The full terms under which the case of the Tatsu Maru, the Japanese steamer was seized by China in February on the allegation that she was conveying arms and ammunition to the Chinese revolutionists, has been settled, are as follows:

First—China agrees to punish the officers who lowered the Japanese flag on the Tatsu Maru and to send a warship to the place where the vessel was seized to fire a salute as the Japanese flag is reholsted.

Second—The Tatsu Maru is to be released at once.

Third—China will purchase the arms and ammunition seized.

Fourth—She will punish the officers who committed this breach against international usage.

Fifth—The viceroy of Canton will settle the amount of demurrage for the retention of the steamer after consultation with the Japanese consul, and finally, Japan agreed to exercise extra vigilance against her subjects in the matter of smuggling arms into China.

FLEET AT MAGDALENA

Evans Makes Trip in Four Days Less Than Schedule.

San Diego, Cal., March 12..A wireless message received by the Point Loma government wireless station is to the effect that Rear Admiral Robley Evans and his big battleship fleet arrived off Magdalena Bay early last night, and proceeded into the bay this morning.

News that the big fleet has already arrived at Magdalena bay comes as a big surprise. The itinerary of the long voyage beginning with the start from Hampton Roads on December 16 last, did not call for the arrival of the ships at Magdalena until Sunday, so with their arrival at the Mexican bay last night the fleet is almost four days ahead of time.

It has been known for some few weeks past that the "Bix Sixteen" would arrive at its practicing ground ahead of time, but it was never suspected that such an excellent showing as this would be made. The important fact about it is that most of the four days' gain in time was made on the lats stretch of the voyage from Callao, South America. Previous to the visit at that port the fleet was kept on schedule, making the various stops the full length called for in the itinerary.

Message From Evans.

It is reported on good authority that an official message was also received from Rear Admiral Evans himself by the local wireless station last night to be transmitted to Washington. It was to the effect that Admiral Evans reported to Washington that he arrived at the bay with all the ships of the fleet in even better condition than the time when it sailed from Hampton Roads, and that he is even now ready for any unforeseen emergency that may arise, and that the entire fleet is prepared to sail for any destination at an hour's notice.

The importance of this message is overwhelming. The eyes of the entire list of naval officials, practically every citizen of the United States and even the entire world were expectantly awaiting the reports at the terminus of the long voyage as to the effect it would have on the ships. Now that word has been received that the entire fleet is in even better condition than at the time it started on its long cruise, the mammoth naval undertaking is crowned with boundless success.

PRIEST SLAYER TO HANG

Alia Found Guilty of Murder in First Degree.

Denver, Colo., March 13.—"Is there no appeal?" These were the only words spoken by Giuseppa Alia when informed by Interpreter Matter that the jury found him guilty of murder in the first degree and fixed sentence at death.

Just thirteen days after firing the shot which brought death to Father Francis Leo Heinrichs at the altar in St. Elizabeth's Catholic church while in the act of administering the holy sacrament, this wanderer from Italy, an alleged, but not proven anarchist, heard his doom.

In the court room, not three blocks from the church where he committed his crime, and within sound of the chim s which, he said, drew him to that church, Alia received the judgment delivered by the jury. Stolidly, to the last, he simply nodded his head and whispered to the interpreter, "Is there no appeal?" Then his chin sank on his breast, and he made no further comment.

Attorney Widdecomb, of the defense, made a motion for a new trial, and was granted five days in which to file papers. Under the laws of the state, Alia cannot be hanged within sixty days of the rendering of the verdict.

RAILROAD PROBLEM PUZZLES JAPAN

After Outlay on Army and Navy but Little Is Left for Improvement of Roads.

Tokio, March 16.—The government of Japan, finding that the self-imposed burden of nationalized railroads is likely to prove too heavy, is now engaged in consideration of tentative projects for relieving itself and at the same time serving the double purpose of building up the industries of the country, providing additional exports for its subsidized steamship lines, and increasing its own income by the revenues derivable from increased production. To the layman nothing presents so difficult a problem at the present time as that of high finance in Japan.

The tremendous outlay on army and navy has been and still continues to be the point on which statesmen, politicians and financiers are quarreling. With sixty-six per cent of its appropriations given to three divisions—finance, army and navy—necessarily but little is left for the so much needed improvement of railroads, and in the present condition of the country the four hundred millions that must be paid to the old railroad companies for the purpose will strain the ingenuity of the financiers who have undertaken the reorganization.

Meanwhile but little can be done to extend the trackage throughout those sections of Japanese where it is much needed for development and to improve and equip the present lines in such a manner as to enable them to fetch and carry in an adequate degree.

It is quite realized by commercial men who opposed the nationalization of the railroads at the time the question came up and by those who favored the movement, but have since changed their views, that without a network of railroads in the island it would be impossible to develop resources and consequently impossible for the government to adjust its finances so that in future years its income may meet its necessary and legitimate expenditures.

SENATOR-ELECT KILLED

Political Quarrel Has Fatal Ending in Louisiana.

When One Slapped the Other, Both Politicians Agreed to Settle on Field of Honor.

Amite, La., March 11.—Democratic state senator-elect D. S. Kemp was last night shot and killed by C. F. Hyde, a political and business leader in the community.

The men quarreled over the recent Democratic primary election, Hyde charging Kemp with untruthfulness. Later Kemp, revolver in hand, met Hyde and slapped his face.

The men then agreed to a duel, which took place almost immediately. Hyde was not injured.

TWO SHOT FROM AMBUSH

Traveling Men Were Thought to Be Deputy Sheriffs.

Dixon, Ky., March 16.—Fatal wounding of Deputy Marshal Smith Childers by Jacob McDowell, a negro, at Providence, Ky., Saturday night, was the indirect cause of the shooting of two traveling men. P. B. Carter, of Chattanooga, and J. B. Barry, commercial travelers, were shot and severely wounded from ambush by negroes while driving between Dixon and Providence with two other drummers. The negroes who did the shooting evidently thought that the salesmen were pursuing McDowell.

Deputy Marshal Childers was shot while attempting to arrest McDowell. The negro was taken to Dixon by another officer. White men gathered to lynch McDowell. Negroes of Providence, hearing of this, armed themselves and lay in wait by the road over which the mob was expected to pass. The traveling men soon came along and the ambushed negroes fired on them and escaped.

McDowell was hurried from Dixon to Henderson. The mob, arriving at the Dixon jail and finding McDowell gone, set out with bloodhounds to find the negroes who had fired on the traveling men. Will McDowell, a cousin of the prisoner; Tom Fuqua, Tom Miller and another negro were arrested yesterday, charged with shooting the traveling men. The mob has not found the four negroes, and probably will not go to Henderson after McDowell.

CARRIERS WIN LONG FIGHT

Ohio Congressman Secures $1,200 Salary for Them.

Washington, March 12.—Determined and persistent assaults on the post-office bill in the house of representatives yesterday resulted in the amplification of that measure in many important particulars, despite the protests of Chairman Overstreet and his committee.

The letter carriers finally won their long fight for $1,200 salary when an amendment by Mr. Goebel, of Ohio, granting the same, was adopted. The house also allowed an additional $25,000 for clerks in third class offices where the salaries of the postmasters range from $1,000 to $1,200, and $15,000 additional for contract stations.

REJECTED 65,000 ALIENS

Steamship Companies Would Not Bring Them to U. S.

Philadelphia, March 16.—Secretary of Commerce and Labor Oscar S. Straus, who was in this city yesterday, in an interview on the immigration question said that more than 65,000 applications for passage to the United States were rejected at the agencies of the several steamship lines in European cities during the last fiscal year, for fear that the character of the applicants was such that the steamship company would be compelled by the immigration authorities of this country to take them back to the port whence they would sail to this country.

DECIDE FOR GOVERNMENT

Has Power Over Liquor Traffic, Declare Senators.

Washington, March 16.—By the vote of 3 to 2, the sub-committee of the senate committee on the judiciary today declared unconstitutional all of the bills intended to remove federal barriers against states exercising control of their police powers for the regulation of the liquor traffic.

Hearings on these measures have been covering almost the entire present session, and the bills were advocated by representatives of practically all of the states where there is a strong prohibition sentiment. The members of the sub-committee are Senators Knox, Nelson, Fulton, Bacon and Raynor.

ALFONSO'S VISIT AT END

Despite Threats, Trip to Barcelona Was Without Accident.

Barcelona, March 12.—After two days' visit to this city King Alfonso left for Madrid shortly before 8 o'clock last evening. Great crowds gathered on the streets and at the station to bid him farewell, and the royal train moved away to the cheering of the multitude.

Before his departure the king expressed his gratitude for the splendid reception which was given him and for the manifestations of loyalty the Cathalonians showed during his entire visit.

No untoward incident marked the king's stay in Barcelona.

EVANS TO LEAVE FLEET

Will Retire From Command Because of Ill Health.

Australians Already Preparing Welcome for Battleships—Royal Reception Assured

Washington, March 17.—Rear Admiral Thomas, the next in seniority, will succeed Admiral Evans in command of the fleet. It has not yet been determined whether Admiral Thomas will bring the fleet around the world to the Atlantic station or not. It is expected that this detail will be decided on shortly.

San Francisco, Cal., March 17.—A special dispatch from San Diego, Cal., contains news of an announcement today by Rear Admiral Evans, commander of the Atlantic fleet, that upon its arrival at San Francisco he would retire from command because of ill-health.

This announcement officially confirms the report from Washington that Admiral Evans would haul down his flag upon arriving at San Francisco.

What Trip Demonstrates.

Magdalena Bay, Lower, Cal., March 13.—Via San Diego, Cal., March 17.—"The trip from Hampton Roads to Magdalena Bay has demonstrated that the Atlantic fleet can go to any port of the world if coal is provided," declared Captain R. R. Ingersoll, chief of staff to Rear Admiral Evans today when asked for a statement by the Associated Press. Upon Captain Ingersoll devolved a large portion of the work of executing the cruise.

"The plans which were formulated last August," he continued, "for the coaling on the present cruise provided for the use of 80 tones per steaming mile. Then there was added eight additional tons daily for various necessary allowances. We have found that we are able to keep well within this estimate and maintain the 10-knot speed. The arrangement for coaling at all of our various stops have been carried out and the prearranged plans have proved entirely adequate.

Rest Is Easy.

"The trip has demonstrated that the Atlantic fleet can go to any part of the world if coal is provided. The rest will be easy. I may say that, all taken together, the men and officers of the fleet have not regarded the present cruise in the same remarkable sense that the public has. With them it has merely been a day's work—nothing more. However, they are all gratified at the successful conclusion of the cruise to date. It merely confirms our expectations."

Target practice will occupy probably about three weeks. There will be no battle practice, that being held in the fall of the year. Preliminary practice is limited to two ships, the Kansas and the Vermont, which have not yet fired all of their guns in practice. All will engage in record target practice. There are four ranges, four ships firing at a time.

It is likely that the fleet will leave here between April 5 and April 10. Stops will be made at San Llego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and Santa Cruz.

Will Be Divided.

At Los Angeles ports, where the fleet will be divided into divisions of four ships each to be anchored off Long Beach, San Pedro, Redondo and Venice and Santa Monica it is not unlikely that the fleet first will steam in single line for making up the coast along the line of the various ports and then divide. This would make a splendid naval pageant which might be witnessed by the people of those cities. Again, on departure, the fleet probably will form in single column and sail north, repeating the parade. A simultaneous salute, such as was given in some of the South American ports may be fired.

Preparing a Welcome.

Melbourne, March 17.—Preparations already have been begun to welcome the American battleship fleet next winter and a royal reception is assured. Today expressions of satisfactions at the forthcoming visit were received from all parts of the commonwealth. The lord mayor of Melbourne said the city would make the occasion memorable and the Americans could be assured of an enthusiastic reception.

The federal ministers are planning entertainments and the state governments have promised to co-operate. The newspapers continue to express general satisfaction and they consider the event of national importance.

Don't Go To School--It's Time Wasted

When You Waste Your Time You're Spending Money. Come, Let Us Reason Together.

This is an age of progress, and it is just as reasonable to suppose that we can progress in methods of teaching as in anything else. Correspondence instruction is a long step in advance over the older methods. By correspondence instruction many old, useless rules are eliminated. Facts, not theories, are what the people want nowadays, and they want them just as quickly as they can get them. You get facts when you take instruction by correspondence. Employers have learned that a student who has the energy and push to master bookkeeping through correspondence is just about 50 per cent more valuable than the student who requires a year or two in a commercial school to acquire the same information. That is why graduates of correspondence schools are eagerly sought after by business men. When you learn anything by correspondence you never forget it, because you have worked it out yourself. By the old methods of teaching used in business colleges, where the teacher stands up and tells the pupils this thing and that about a subject, most of it is forgotten before the teacher is through with his lecture. In correspondence instruction the student has full information at hand all the time. If he forgets any part of it, all that is necessary is to turn to that part of the course and he can instantly refresh his memory.

It takes less than two months' study, evenings or at a time that will not interfere with your regular duties to master our course of instruction in bookkeeping, and when you are through you have a better practical knowledge of the subject than if you were to attend a business college for a year. And the cost is twenty times less than it would cost you in any first-class business college.

Every young man and woman ought to understand bookkeeping. It is knowledge that pays, and a few hours each evening devoted to our lessons in bookkeeping will give anyone a first-class knowledge of the subject. Whether you intend to follow bookkeeping as a business or not, it will pay you to become familiar with our methods of teaching. Let us tell you all about it. It costs you nothing to correspond with us. We employ the finest bookkeepers in the country as teachers. Our course was written by a man who has held some of the best bookkeeping positions in this country. He was formerly employed as bookkeeper in the Baldwin Locomotive Works, of Philadelphia, Penn. He is a practical man from every standpoint.

Our free book tells you how to acquire a knowledge of bookkeeping at the lowest possible expense. It is like child's play to master bookkeeping when you have the proper kind of instruction. If you desire to increase your earnings, if you would better your present condition in life, if you would like to obtain a position that will pay you a large salary, write for our free book, entitled "How to Become an Expert Bookkeeper." We place our graduates in fine paying positions absolutely free of charge, and always stand ready to help them to secure another position if they feel dissatisfied with the one we have secured for them. In other words, we always look after the future interest of our pupils. Write for our free book and you will never regret it. We want you to read it, anyway. We want a copy of it in every home. It contains information that is valuable to anyone. Write today. Address Commercial Correspondence Schools, 408A, Commercial Building, Rochester, N. Y.

TAFT HAS GOOD LEAD

Leaves His Rivals Far in the Rear.

Illinois Will Probably Give Cannon One Complimentary Ballot—Then Taft.

Chicago, Ill., March 16.—Two-thirds of all the delegates so far elected to the Republican National convention have been instructed for Secretary of War Taft, and he practically has one-fourth of the number necessary to insure his nomination. Here is a summary of the convention:

Total delegates in convention	980
Necessary to a choice	491
Elected to date	186
Instructed for Taft	120
Instructed for Fairbanks	26
Instructed for Cannon	4
Instructed for Hughes	2
Uninstructed, but favorable to Taft	6
Contested	28

New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois are the big delegations which are yet to be chosen, and while the secretary will secure little, if any, instucted support from these states, his friends declare a large part of these delegates will go to the Ohio man when the break comes.

In all other states where conventions are to be held the secretary is far and away the strongest candidate, according to all reports.

Six Uninstructed.

Six of the delegates elected are uninstructed, except as to the suggestion that they will nominate some one who will carry out the policies of President Roosevelt. Of the 28 contests reported, one set of delegates in each is instructed for Taft.

The table of delegates already elected, by states, is as follows:

	Taft.	Fairbanks.	Cannon.	Hughes.	Uninstructed.	Contest.
Alabama	..	..	..	..	..	6
Florida	..	..	..	..	..	8
Indiana	..	26	..	..	..	..
Iowa	6	..	..	..	..	..
Kansas	16	..	..	..	..	..
Kansas	16	..	..	..	..	..
Kentucky	..	..	..	..	..	2
Louisiana	..	..	..	..	..	4
Maryland	..	..	..	..	4	..
Michigan	..	2	..	2	..	..
Missouri	28	..	..	2	..	4
Nebraska	16	..	..	..	..	..
Ohio	32	..	..	..	..	2
Oklahoma	14	..	..	..	..	..
Philippines	2	..	..	..	..	..
So. Carolina	..	2	..	..	..	..
Tennessee	4	..	..	..	..	2
Virginia	..	..	..	..	2	..
Totals	120	26	4	2	6	28

It is expected here, as a matter of course, that Hughes will have the solid New York delegation and Knox the Pennsylvania votes. LaFollette is not so certain of an undivided state delegation. Taft clubs have been organized in every county in Wisconsin, and in spite of the secretary's expressed wish that no fight be made on "favorite sons" in their own states, there seems to be a desire by many Republicans in Wisconsin to set his wishes aside as far as they are concerned.

A Complex Situation.

Here in Illinois the situation is more complex. It is taken for granted on every hand that Speaker Cannon will have the solid delegation. But there is a radical divergence of opinion among Republicans as to the amount of independence the delegation should exercise. Some—and they are few—want a delegation which Speaker Cannon can swing to any candidate or combination he chooses. The others—and they are many—insist that Cannon must be satisfied with a "complimentary vote," and that after that the delegation must be permitted to join the Taft forces.

There was a tendency among Secretary Taft's real friends today to deprecate undue activity in starting fights in and about Chicago to get delegates who would vote for the secretary first, last and all the time. The prevailing sentiment favored the granting of a complimentary vote to "Uncle Joe" Cannon, on grounds of both decency and political wisdom. That this is the wise course is confirmed by word from Washington that Frank H. Hitchcock, general manager of the Taft campaign, who declared emphatically and absolutely that no fight for Taft delegates in Illinois had been authorized.

It also is announced from Washington that Secretary Taft's policy, as regards invasion of "favorite son" states has undergone no change. It remains the same as outlined in his letter to Herbert Parsons concerning New York.

One Ballot for Cannon.

Committeeman John J. Hanberg, of the Eighth ward; Roy O. West, of the Seventh ward, and John R. Thompson, of the Sixth ward, three of the four committeemen who will name the delegates to the congressional convention in the Second district, feel that the state committee and their vote at its last meeing practically commits them to the support of "Uncle Joe" for one ballot. They are friendly to Taft, however and desire his nomination, it is understood; or if they did not, they would feel compelled to yield to the strong Taft sentiment which abounds in their districts.

EXPLOSION KILLS THREE

Dead Composed All Male Members of Brown's Family.

Greensburg, Pa., March 17.—Three persons, composing all the male members of a family, were literally blown to pieces by dynamite at Acme, Pa., near here, last night. The dead:

David H. Brown, aged 50 years; Roy Brown, aged 17 years; Clark Brown, aged 15 years.

David Brown was postmaster at Acme and conducted a general store at the village. Accompanied by his two sons, he went to a large field back of his store late yesterday to dynamite stumps. They took with them for the work 25 pounds of the explosive. No one saw the accident, but it is supposed that when the first charge was set off they left the rest of the dynamite too near, with the result that it was exploded. A terrific report was heard, and when an investigation was made, a big hole was found in the ground, while shreds of human bodies lay scattered about.

PRINCE COMING TO U. S.

Future Ruler of Japan to Pay America a Visit.

Honolulu, March 17.—It is reported that the crown prince of Japan will make his long contemplated tour of

CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN.

America and Europe this summer. Professor Belitzolong has been recalled from Germany to accompany the crown prince.

LEAVES THE TREASURY

Resignation of J. H. Edwards Effective Today.

Washington, March 17.—The resignation of J. H. Edwards, assistant secretary of the treasury in charge of the financial bureaus of the department, which was tendered some time ago, took effect today, when L. A. Coolidge, who has been confirmed by the senate, took charge of the office.

Secretary Cortelyou said that Mr. Edwards had decided to accept the receivership of the New Amsterdam National bank, of New York, which was compelled to suspend during the late money stringency. It is understood here that negotiations are now in progress looking to the consolidation of the New Amsterdam with other financial institutions in its vicinity.

WEEK IN CONGRESS.

Washington, March 10.—Senate.—Cotton as a basis for the issuance of treasury notes in times of money stringency was the chief feature of a speech in the senate today on the pending currency bill by Senator McLaurin, of Mississippi. Senator Gallinger secured an agreement to vote on the ocean mail ship subsidy bill March 20. After passing several bills on the calendar, the senate adjourned.

House.—Consideration of the postoffice appropriation bill was resumed in the house today. A speech by Mr. Hamilton, of Michigan, upholding the right of the federal government to control corporations and sustaining the President in his attitude toward them, was the feature of the day's proceedings. Small, of North Carolina, and Finley, of South Carolina, attacked the proposition to increase the pay for ocean mail service on the ground that it was a subterfuge for a ship subsidy.

Washington, March 11.—Senate.—A message from the President and reports from the committee on military affairs on the Brownsville affray consumed the time of the senate during the early part of the session today. A brief debate brought out a statement by Senator Warren, chairman of the committee on military affairs, that a bill will soon be introduced for the reinstatement of the discharged colored soldiers of the Twenty-fifth regiment under certain conditions. The Aldrich bill was discussed by Senator Clarke, of Arkansas, who declared that he would vote for neither the Aldrich bill nor the Bailey substitute. The consideration of the Panama transportation bill was postponed until tomorrow. After the passage of several bills on the calendar, the Senate adjourned.

House.—Persistent assaults on the post-office appropriation bill in the house today resulted in the amplification of that measure in many important parts, despite the protests of Chairman Overstreet and his committee. The letter carriers finally won their fight for $1,200 salaries. The house also allowed an additional $25,000 for clerks in third-class offices and $15,000 additional for contract stations. There was incorporated in the bill a provision prohibiting the transmission through the mails of intoxicating liquors, which was later modified to include cocaine and its derivatives. Altogether the appropriations carried by the bill were increased $1,225,000.

Washington, March 12.—Senate.—Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, today strongly indorsed the Aldrich currency bill in the senate and declared that it would be serviceable as an emergency measure. Senator Paynter, of Kentucky, opposed the bill. Referring to Senator Depew's recent remarks about "night riders" and barn burning in Kentucky, Senators Paynter and McCreary, of that state, condemned such lawlessness and denounced the tobacco trust.

House.—The postoffice appropriation bill had rough sailing in the house today. The attacks were begun on the section relating to pneumatic tube service, which was changed so that extensions of such service should not be confined to the cities named, but should be made wherever the postmaster general may think best. The house was a unit for withholding a portion of the pay to railroads for transportation of mails until a correct system of weighing should be established. A vigorous but ineffectual fight was made on a proposition to increase by $2,000,000 the appropriation for paying the expenses of railway mail clerks while traveling on business of the department.

Washington, March 13.—Senate.—Senator Bacon, of Georgia, in the senate today spoke of executive encroachments on the legislative power of the government and read freely from newspaper reports to show that legislation is being mapped out in the White House at conferences at which congressmen are not even present. The bill providing for the shipment of material for the Panama canal in American ships was passed. Senator Simmons, of North Carolina, spoke in favor of the ocean mail shipping bill. At 4:40 p. m. the senate adjourned until Monday.

House.—Carrying the largest appropriation in all its history, $222,190,392, the postoffice appropriation bill today passed the house. This is $1,425,000 more than was reported by the committee. Chairman Overstreet opposed the proposition to increase the pay of letter carriers, which was voted into the bill last Wednesday, but that action was confirmed, 136 to 126. The appropriation for the rural delivery service was increased $200,000. Following the passage of a number of private bills and an agreement to take up the pension appropriation bill tomorrow, the house adjourned.

Washington, March 16.—Senate.—Under the guise of discussing legislation, the session in the senate today was devoted to a political discussion, in which Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, and Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, were the chief participants. The conference report on the Indian appropriation bill was disagreed to and another conference asked. The house bill appropriating $403,030 to pay the archbishop of Manila, as representative of the Roman Catholic church, for damage to church property during the Spanish war was passed.

House—Today's session of the house was devoted to the consideration of bills under suspension of the rules. A number were passed, including one providing for the restoration of the motto "In God We Trust" on American coins, and another increasing the efficiency of the medical department of the army. Other bills passed were the following: Granting to local steamboat inspectors authority to pass upon the fitness of officers and crews of steam vessels; recognizing the consular service and amending the game laws of Alaska so as to substitute the license system for the present permit system.

THE MARKETS

New York, March 14.—Bradstreet's says: "There is quite considerable improvement in both the tone of general distributive trade and the volume of business actually booked by jobbers. Withal, however, there is little change to be seen in the character of the buying, which is still along conservative lines, and while the volume of business doing is larger now than at any time since last fall, the shrinkage from a year ago is distinct and unmistakably large. One of the best situated lines of trade in the country, so far as current demand is concerned, is millinery, which seems to be in fairly brisk sale by jobbers. Drygoods of various kinds, groceries, hardware, implements and paints are also moving fairly well. The jewelry trade is concerned at the weakness in diamonds. The Kentucky whisky output for this spring is only one-third that of a year ago.

"Business failures in the United States for the week ended March 12 number 276, against 287 last week, 186 in the like week of 1907, 187 in 1906, 186 in 1905 and 193 in 1904. Failures in Canada for the week number 31, as against 49 last week and 23 in this week a year ago."

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., March 17.—As soon as American traders realized Liverpool did not respond to any great extent to Monday's slump, prices were started upward. A rather oversold condition became apparent. Northwest cars were still heavier than usual. Weakness at the outset in Liverpool, resulting in a decline of ¾c, was due to sympathy with American and poor inquiry for La Plata steamers. Lighter offerings and nervous shorts helped this market later. Wiring from Winfield, Kan., a crop expert says: "There are plenty of bugs breeding fast, but no parasites." A few flies and ample moisture were also reported. There was a gradual upward movement in local prices in the morning. Cash and May gained ½c when they touched 97¾c, at the opening. The noon price was ¼c above this quotation. July started ½c higher at 90⅞, later gaining ¼c. September opened an eighth higher and gained a similar amount in the initial half hour, the price mounting to 88¼c.

Selling by Logan, Brosseau and the Bartlett people weakened wheat, but the close was above yesterday's by a fair margin. Liverpool closed 9-20c up. Good crop reports poured in from the southwest. Cash closed at 97¼c, May at 97½c, July at 90⅞c, and September at 88⅛c.

On buying by the Bartlett house and commission houses at Chicago, corn grew strong. Offerings were light. Liverpool was unchanged. May snowed a loss in the local market opening ¼c down and regaining an eighth of the loss soon after the start. July was ⅛c higher at 64⅞c, and September ⅝c higher at the same price.

Poor quality and light country offerings are the factors behind corn's strength. Liverpool closed unchanged. Local finals were: Cash, 65½c; May, 66⅝c; July, 64⅞c, and September, 64¾c.

Light offerings also figured in firming up oats. There was a scattered demand for old and new May. May was unchanged at 54⅜c, July ⅛c higher at 49½c, and the far future ⅛c off at 37⅞c.

Nothing of a new nature developed in oats in the afternoon. Cash closed at 55½c, May at 54½c, July at 49⅝c and September at 38c.

In clover seed the far futures suffered slightly, while cash and March were steady, the latter standing at $12.90 and the latter at $12.60. April lost 10c in dropping to $12.40, and October 2½c in retreating to $7.97½c.

A general sagging movement became apparent in clover seed, the options losing 10c or more. Cash finished at $12.80, March at $12.50, April at $12.30 and October at $7.90.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close—Mar.17.	Mar.16.
Cash	97⅝	98	....	97¾	97½
May	97⅝	98⅛	97⅜	97½	97½
July	90⅞	91¾	....	90⅝	90⅝
Sept.	88⅛	88½	....	88⅛	88
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	65½	65
May	66⅛	....	....	66⅜	66⅞
July	64⅝	....	64⅝	64⅞	64⅜
Sept.	64½	....	....	64⅜	64½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	55½	55¼
May	54⅜	....	....	54½	54⅜
July	49	....	....	49⅝	49
Sept	37⅞	38⅛	....	38	38
Clover Seed—					
Cash	12.90	....	....	12.80	12.90
March	12.60	....	....	12.50	12.60
April	12.40	....	....	12.30	12.50
Oct.	7.97½	....	....	7.90	8.02½
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	84	84
No. 2	....	....	....	83	83
No. 3	....	....	....	79	79
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.25	2.25
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	12.30	12.30

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	95½	96⅛	95	95⅜	95⅛
July	89⅞	90⅝	89⅜	90⅛	89⅞
Sept.	86⅜	87½	....	87⅛	86⅞
Corn—					
May	66	....	....	65⅞	65⅜
July	62⅞	....	....	63⅛	62⅜
Sept.	61⅞	....	....	61⅝	61⅜
Oats—					
May (old)	54⅛	54⅛	53⅞	54	54⅛
May (new)	53	....	....	53⅜	53⅜
July (old)	47¼	48⅛	....	47⅝	47⅜
July (new)	45	46⅛	....	45⅜	37⅝
Sept.	37⅝	38⅛	....	38	....

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	1.03½	1.03¾	....	1.03⅛	1.03⅛
July	98	....	....	97½	97½
Corn—					
May	74⅞	....	....	75⅜	74⅞
July	72¼	....	....	72¼	72¼

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	97 ½	97¾	....	97¾	97⅜
July	86⅜	87	86½	86⅝	86½

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	1.05⅝
July	....	....	....	....	1.04⅞

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	1.04⅝
July	....	....	....	....	1.04⅞

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
May	12.30	12.37	....	12.27	12.27
July	12.77	....	12.62	12.67	12.67
Lard—